

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,063 Vol. 118.

11 July 1914.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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Among the articles in the SATURDAY REVIEW next week will be "In Our Attic", by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, and "Voluntarily Compelled Soldiers", by Colonel Keene, D.S.O.; also the first of a regular series of motoring articles, starting with tours in France.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Nobody truly knows in the least what is going to happen in politics. Government does not know, and gossip does not know; and the wiseacre who affects he knows best knows probably least. But this anyhow is known: the Government is to-day weaker than it has been all through the long crisis. It is groggy at the knees and it lurches. Thanks partly to the wait-a-bit-and-see policy of a cautious and clever Prime Minister, and partly to the colossal muddles of a reckless and ignorant Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Government has lost all its freshness and most of its force. It is a cabal of anxious, irritated, fagged men that clings to the Front Ministerial bench to-day; and if it clings there much longer, it may well appear as one of Mr. Gladstone's front benches appeared to Disraeli—a row of extinct volcanoes such as he pictured along the South American sea coast.

The motion to guillotine the Finance Bill nearly wrecked the Government on Tuesday evening. Even the Nationalist vote would not have saved the Cabinet, for Nationalists and Radicals combined mustered two short of the Unionist total. It was the twenty-five docile Labour Members whose presence gave the Government a majority of twenty-three in the division. The Holt group deliberately abstained from supporting the guillotine, which was the only means of saving what remains of Mr. Lloyd George's unhappy Budget; the little clique which urged the Government to coerce Ulster—Mr. Neil Primrose, Mr. Sherwell, and others—walked out of the House; and several Liberals conveniently forgot to obey the urgent whip which had warned them of the division. The Government perceptibly tottered, and deferred its decision as to an autumn session till next week. The fate of the Revenue Bill still hangs in the balance, but the failure

of the Budget is beyond doubt, and is sorrowfully admitted by the mourning "Westminster Gazette".

The Amending Bill has been duly amended in the Lords by the Opposition, in order to avert the danger of civil war which the Government admit, but which they themselves, tied and bound by the chain of Mr. Redmond's fetters, can do nothing to stop. The essential amendments inserted in the Bill are the clean-cut exclusion of Ulster as a province and the consequent deletion of the Government's unworkable machinery for local polls—that "hypocritical sham", as Sir Edward Carson rightly called it, which would have put Londonderry City in and Londonderry County out of the original Bill; the deletion of the six years' time limit; provisions for regulating the judiciary, and safeguarding the rights of the Unionists in the three southern provinces, whose lot—as Lord Lansdowne, himself a representative of Southern Irish Unionism, pointed out—was worsened by the exclusion of Ulster from the Home Rule Parliament. Lord Willoughby de Broke's motion to reject the Amending Bill altogether only secured ten votes; Lord Macdonnell's complicated proposals, which would have substituted the original plan of Home Rule within Home Rule for the partial exclusion scheme which the Government themselves do not defend, received twenty votes. More may yet be heard of this proposal before the controversy is through; at the moment the suggestion has few supporters. It would not avert civil war, and that is the one thing needful.

No shadow of a hint as to the Government's attitude towards the amended Amending Bill has been vouchsafed. Lord Crewe, after inviting amendments and promising them full consideration, has lamented feebly that the alterations are so drastic; the Liberal Press has shrieked affected indignation and surprise at the course they knew was to be pursued; but the crux will come in the Commons, if it does not first come in Ulster. The Government have secured their object by introducing the Amending Bill in the Lords—a month's delay; but the inevitable moment will come when they must decide whether to obey Mr. Redmond or secure

peace in Ireland. The Nationalist leader cannot accept the exclusion of all Ulster or he loses his leadership; nor yet the deletion of the time-limit. The original time-limit which he grudgingly offered the Government was, it is believed, three years only, but Mr. Asquith promptly doubled, to give the unfair bargain a semblance of fairness. Hence Mr. Redmond's refusal to go further. The Government have already outpaced him. Another step, and his rebellion seems certain.

The Lords did well to reject the India Council Bill on Tuesday. The Government entirely failed to make out a case for the Bill, which would have reduced the Council of India to greater impotence than the House of Lords under the Parliament Act. The Bill would have reduced the number of members on the Council, and have dispensed with the regular weekly meetings; it would have changed the Council from a strong advisory body into a weak administrative machine under the control of the Secretary of State. It was an experiment in arbitrary government that was hardly veiled by the specious pretext of placing the Secretary of State for India in the same position as the Foreign Secretary and the Colonial Secretary. The Government spokesmen, conscious of the weakness of their ground, protested that the Bill should not be summarily rejected, but amended after second reading. To ensure that course, the Government should have brought in their proposals in more satisfactory fashion and fortified themselves with stronger arguments.

Mr. Chamberlain was "laid to rest" this week near his own home, and the expression in this case is felt to be the right one because his life was a life of splendid unsparing energy. There was no ostentation about him, and it is quite natural therefore that he should have wished to be buried among his own people and in a simple way. These things apart, Westminster Abbey would clearly have been the right place for the closing scene—"that temple of silence and reconciliation", as Macaulay named it, "where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried". He will be grouped, without much doubt, in the very small select band of British statesmen which includes such names as Chatham, Pitt and Canning, Gladstone, Disraeli and Salisbury.

The tributes by Lord Crewe and Viscount Milner in the Lords on Tuesday, and by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Balfour in the Commons were stately and in the great Parliament style; and there was a kindly human touch about them. The "Incomparable Chief" Lord Milner called the statesman—one who consulted as well as controlled: a "great leader of men" and "a true, helpful and most constant friend". He brought into Parliament, said Mr. Asquith in the Commons, "a freshness of outlook, a directness of purpose, and a certain impatience of conventional and circuitous methods"; and he had "complete and serene command both of his material and himself". "Like all great men", said Mr. Balfour, "he was a great idealist". "He was intensely human in his affection", said Mr. Bonar Law in a tribute of rare merit and emotion—"a great fighter", but "a great friend".

Hard hitting in the House of Commons is, on the whole, soon forgiven in a spirit of good sport, but not soon forgotten when the hitter is a man with the powers of a Disraeli or Chamberlain. Mr. Disraeli's invective was probably more piercing and penetrating, it was finer pointed, than Mr. Chamberlain's; but the latter's was at least as forceful. It was commonly reported of a certain clever and adventurous Radical who years ago sat for a West-Country constituency that he was "finished" by a sudden attack by Mr. Chamberlain. He had seemingly planned to make a position for himself in politics by attacking Mr. Chamberlain. For some time the great man took no notice, but one day unexpectedly he rose and struck so hard and home that his rash assailant went down, and never did much

afterwards—though the story is somewhat discounted by the fact that the member in question was too fond of liquor, and it is quite likely that this rather than Mr. Chamberlain's sudden onslaught cut short his career.

Lesser men, and even considerable men, however, undoubtedly felt severely at times the punishment Mr. Chamberlain dealt out to them. They were often seen to wince or to flinch under it, and to flush or turn pale. Interrupters he sometimes lashed very hard indeed; so that even at the time when feeling was intensely bitter against him on the Gladstonian side owing to the split over Home Rule, men often preferred not to interrupt him unless they were well screened from view. His encounters with the Gladstonian leaders in those days were at times exceedingly dramatic. We recall one occasion when Mr. Gladstone came in after dinner, at about ten o'clock, and gathered from a colleague the threads of a debate on Mr. Chaplin's Small Holdings Bill. He soon rose and made a speech of extreme brilliancy, bantering Mr. Chamberlain for going in with an old opponent of his like Mr. Chaplin. Mr. Chamberlain was then sitting on the same bench as Mr. Gladstone, next to Lord Hartington, if we remember aright, and at the end of the bench. Mr. Gladstone poured out reproaches; and his wrath and irony and delightful figures of speech brought down the House. Everyone strove to watch Mr. Chamberlain to see how he took his old chief's punishment, and volleys of cheering swept through the benches.

Mr. Chamberlain took it not with composure, he took it with delight. He beamed and talked to his neighbour, and his admiration was obvious. There was not the faintest sign of ill-blood, and all who witnessed that great scene went home delighted. It was perfect of its kind: no theatre can touch the House of Commons in drama of this sort. The writer can picture the scene quite distinctly to-day, though it probably happened more than twenty years ago. But more often the lightning in these Chamberlain scenes was "forked of the near storm". For example, on another occasion Sir William Harcourt, leading his party in the House of Commons, made light for the best part of an hour at the expense of Mr. Chamberlain, who had lately been rebuking Russian diplomacy—accusing Russia of playing us false, and talking of the necessity of a long spoon if one supped with the devil. Sir William Harcourt's aim was to show that Lord Salisbury did not relish this interference in his province of Foreign Affairs. It must be said he did so with great effect, quoting a dry saying or two from a speech by Lord Salisbury. The Liberals had all the best of it, and riotously they enjoyed themselves.

At length Mr. Chamberlain's turn came. In effect he said coolly: "Well, perhaps the right hon. gentleman is right—perhaps Lord Salisbury and I do not see eye to eye in the matter". Then he paused, leant over the table, and said: "But there have been worse cases of disagreement than that, after all". He pointed his finger towards where Sir William Harcourt sat. "There has been a case", he added, "where the Prime Minister in the House of Lords and his chief supporter in the House of Commons have been *not on talking terms with one another*". The whole House, both sides, burst into uncontrolled laughter. In this duel of personalities Mr. Chamberlain had won. That week-end the duellists composed their differences at Malwood.

There is a little point about Mr. Chamberlain's speeches worth noting. He rarely quoted from pure literature, whilst from Latin or Greek authors we suppose he never quoted, though in his early years in Parliament it was still quite the thing to bring in the classics, as the Earl of Crewe did the other day in the House of Lords. When Mr. Chamberlain did quote from literature he usually chose Dickens. He was clearly steeped in Dickens. He often quoted

from Dickens at a period when a school was half flourishing which held it was the sign of a Philistine or of an illiterate person to make a point from that author. That school has virtually disappeared. It was perhaps finally disposed of by Swinburne, who broke out into something like curses at its folly and its pedantry. To-day a politician can quote freely from Dickens without much danger of even the little dogs yapping.

As to our notes last week a correspondent writes:—Birmingham Town Hall was Mr. Chamberlain's favourite platform, and many were the moods in which it knew him. Perhaps his greatest speech there was the one in which he triumphantly justified his Home Rule policy to an audience reported to have been packed by Schnadhorst. But to Mr. Chamberlain himself his most memorable appearance was probably the first Degree Day of Birmingham University. As he entered the hall in his Chancellor's robes of black and gold he—whose face never showed emotion—looked a proud and happy man. His speech was not remarkable, but its delivery was suffused with a warmth that moved his audience. Happily Mr. Chamberlain had mastered himself again before the ceremony was far advanced. When the first girl graduate came up to receive her degree and an undergraduate shouted "Kiss her, Joe!" the Chancellor's face remained academically grave.

His visit to Oxford in the course of the Tariff campaign drew two-thirds of the University to the Town Hall. There was a gang of dissidents at the back of the room. When Mr. Chamberlain mentioned Sir Edward Grey—the Radical Ministry had just been formed—there were cheers. The speaker waited for them to die away and added: "Another excellent and deservedly applauded politician", in biting tones. There were more cheers, ironically meant, when Mr. Chamberlain said he proposed to speak of the Imperial rather than of the economic side of the fiscal question; "but not for the reason", he continued, imperturbably, "that has suggested itself to some of the acuter minds at the back of the hall". The Radical element was silent after that.

As we suspected, the Austrian Press—including at least one newspaper which keeps on very good terms with the Government—are demanding an anti-Serbian policy. But there is no reason to think that Vienna will vary the tone of cold dignity in which it regularly addresses Belgrade. More probably it will be left to the Hungarian Parliament to begin the trouble by renewing its policy of repressing the Slavs of Croatia. Meanwhile, it has been made clear that Austria's views as to Albania remain unchanged.

The Coroner's summing up and the jury's verdict on Sir Denis Anson's death were strictly based on truth and on common sense. Sir Denis lost his life through a prank which, from time to time, daring and sprightly young Englishmen will insist on playing. We have seen youngsters do the same thing at Oxford in exactly the same spirit; but Sir Denis forgot or did not know the power of the full tide at Chelsea, which is tremendous. The gallantry of poor Mitchell, who lost his life in trying to rescue Anson, and also of Count Constantin Benckendorff, will not soon be forgotten.

Let everyone thinking to be an author read the unpublished letters of Carlyle—first printed in the "Times" last week—to Charles Augustus Ward: "If you resolve to devote yourself to literature, and the questionable enterprise of unfolding whatever gifts may be in you in the shape of more spoken or written words—which, for a young man in earnest with his life, and possessed of real capabilities and opportunities for work in this world, I consider a very questionable enterprise indeed—it is clearly necessary, in the first

place, that you instruct *yourself*, acquire knowledge far and wide, amass experiences, and digest the same into definite results—in short, that you should have attained to some conquest of what at least seems to yourself Wisdom and beautiful Insight, before you attempt uttering yourself with the whole world for audience. You are otherwise in the condition of a man 'speaking' without having anything to say."

But Ward was not turned from his purpose, and he took the hard and bitter advice of Carlyle always in excellent part. His first efforts were received by his master with a recognition that he had in him the elements, but that a tough struggle was toward. Carlyle was certainly a candid friend, advising Ward to meditate and practise "the silences"; and wait till inspiration was really urgent. Later he writes: "I am not surprised, or sorry, at your present disgust in regard to matters literary. When you have got something duly pressing to be said (which may be before long, and will be in the course of time), you will speak again. By merely attending to that rule of Nature a man might become one of the most original writers of his time, as times now are!" We wonder what Carlyle would say to the flow of print to-day. Things may have been bad in his own time, but he lived before the deluge. In these letters, by the way, Carlyle is very energetic in praise of Germany.

A hundred years ago this week "Waverley" was published by Constable in Edinburgh. Scott had lit on the MS. by chance as he searched for some angling tackle. It is one of the greatest books—but not the greatest—of the giant of English fiction. There is nothing to touch it to-day, there was nothing yesterday, and it is not at all likely there will be anything to-morrow: people who suffer through literary neurasthenia—or, indeed, neurasthenia apart from literature—should read the books of Scott, plenty of them and often. Scott was a glorious person: as was Victor Hugo, the great Frenchman whom Guernsey—and England through Guernsey—has been honouring this week.

Not the least event of the week was the fine production of "Le Nozze di Figaro" at Covent Garden. That there is a really considerable and even a growing public in London—people rich, of small means, and actually poor—that values what is truly good in music grows clear. It greatly enjoyed the exquisite opera of Mozart on Tuesday night; and it happily refrained from that exuberant applause which is all right after a music-hall turn, but all wrong when it comes to Wagner or Mozart.

We are not likely to get as good a chance to take stock of the French School of 1870-90 as that given at Grosvenor House. By now we have drawn far enough away from that movement to see it in reasonable relation with past and settled art. The show of Rodins alone makes this exhibition notable, but it is with regard to the painters that one finds oneself questioning accepted reputations and revising estimates. The success of the exhibition owes a good deal to pleasant circumstances—the stately rooms and quiet garden that do away with the professional exhibition feeling.

Sir Thomas Brock's statue of Captain Cook was unveiled by Prince Arthur on Tuesday. We shall shortly have something to say of the statue and the question of the site. Meanwhile we really must protest against a sailor—and such a sailor as Captain Cook—being portrayed as standing with his foot upon the bight of a rope! In "The Hunting of the Snark" the rudder "got mixed with the bowsprit sometimes", which must have caused unpleasant complications; but hardly less unpleasant might be the fate of the man, landlubber or seaman, whose legs got mixed in the mainsheet—as any reader of, say, Marryat or Stevenson will agree.

LEADING ARTICLES.

"THIS WAS A MAN."

"THE house that is building is not as the house that is built." Even ten years ago it would have been difficult to write of Joseph Chamberlain with simple candour and justice. It was one of his favourite images—he used it of Gladstone—that great men are like great mountains: distance is needed to judge rightly of their grandeur. In his case the difficulty of a fair judgment, in the days of his activity, was more than ordinarily great. For this mountain was no mere cold Eiger, passive in desolate sublimity. Rather was it a thing of volcanic energy, carrying a hint of menace as well as of fructifying force. There was geniality and richness under its shadow; but the timid thought rather of the terror than the beauty, of throbbing fires than of vineyards and olive groves. To-day the lava is still hot under our feet. But for eight sad years the fire in the crater has been dying; and men have ceased to look to the mountain top either with alarm or with expectation. Thus it is that Joseph Chamberlain's death found people of all opinions disposed to view him in something like historical perspective. The man is mourned with a sorrow those who knew him not can never feel. But the statesman is seen much as he will appear to our grandchildren. Among them, as among us, there will be minor divergencies of view. But by them, as by us, he will be esteemed the most majestic figure in the political life of our period.

Of the eulogies pronounced in the House of Commons last Monday, none could have been omitted without loss. The Prime Minister, with his almost uncanny talent for seizing the salient points of a character and putting them on canvas with a few bold strokes of the brush, presented the obvious and familiar Chamberlain. It might have been a portrait by Mr. Sargent. Mr. Bonar Law added a more human and intimate study, such as a Dutch master might have painted lovingly. Mr. Balfour brought to the task the imagination of a Watts. The three portraits together would enable a historian to divine the real Chamberlain if all other records were lost. Mr. Asquith naturally saw Mr. Chamberlain with the eye of a man who has crossed swords with him. The style of the duellist, his tricks of fence, his strength of wrist and sureness of eye are described to admiration; but the man the duellist really was, his belief in the cause he fought for—of this there is no hint of understanding. The Prime Minister's picture of Mr. Chamberlain—masterful, resolute, tenacious, with "no blurred or nebulous outline" in his character, dealing in no doubts or hesitations, a partisan and a fighter by nature—is true. But it is not all the truth. Courage, indeed, was the basis of his character, as it is with all men of the first rank. It came to him from a stubborn Puritan ancestry, and from good yeomen whose limbs were made in England. That he revelled in the joy of battle for its own sake is doubtless true. Temperament alone would have urged him against the mean compromises and tricky tactics that appeal to men of more timid character. To fight, and even to die, at Philippi was better in his view than lingering in shallows and miseries. To him, as to Danton, daring was the soul of policy. But his courage never degenerated into mere pugnacity. It was his servant, and never his master. Mr. Asquith's study almost suggests a sightless, and perhaps a rather heartless, Samson. Mr. Bonar Law gives a hint of the genial warmth that humanised a great intellect. Mr. Balfour dwells on the vision that guided an indomitable will.

To see and to dare—these are the two essentials in men who aspire to rule. Without them the highest gifts count for little. The quick certainty of Mr. Chamberlain's insight was as wonderful as his courage. As he grew older his range of vision extended; he saw farther and he saw deeper. But, at every period of his life, he had the faculty of piercing to the very marrow of the matter. Much has been made of his disregard of formal consistency, the Baal of feeble idolaters. But Mr. Balfour is only speaking the simple truth when he says there was never a career in which there was a

more fundamental and essential unity than the career of Mr. Chamberlain. It was nothing to him if some small critic disinterred a speech of 1893 to parry an argument used in 1903. Once he said of himself: "Consistency is not so important; the main point is that you should always be right". No man can claim to have been always right. But Mr. Chamberlain was more generally right than most men. His early Radicalism sought out the weak points of all parties. It rebelled against the chill domination of the Whig. It distrusted the thin and acrid Nonconformist Liberalism. It had nothing in common with the Radicalism of mean envy and little faith. It saw no health or vitality in the kind of Conservatism that was beginning to asphyxiate the nobler ideals of Disraeli. It was a Radicalism not unlike Cobbett's, with a true English ring in it. It never made the mistake of taking one class, or one sect, or one interest for the people of England. It found no satisfaction in vague cosmopolitan sympathies. The germ of the future Imperialist was present in the Birmingham mayor. Time was to widen his outlook. But the spirit and the method were essentially the same in the man of forty and in the man of seventy. His "own people" were the people he wished ever to benefit. And his way of benefiting them was to make relentless war on all inefficiency, slackness and want of faith masquerading under fine names. The sneer falls harmless that he thought parochially in 1875, while he thought imperially thirty years later. He was attending to his business, and his business happened to be Birmingham. As well might the man who makes a suit of clothes be blamed because he has no solution for the Irish problem.

In the natural course of things it is hard to see how Joseph Chamberlain, with the instincts visible in him in his Republican days, could have remained a contented inhabitant of the Liberal Tabernacle. Had he so remained Liberalism would assuredly not be the thing it is to-day. But the Home Rule split decided his career for him. Here again the seeing eye pierced at once through the cloud of sophistries veiling an act of essential cowardice. To win Ireland by any fair means, to get rid once and for all of the drudgery of coercion—this he would have paid a heavy price to achieve. But the humbug of the union of hearts could not impose on a mind utterly clear of cant. The men of plausibilities, of expediencies, of timid and wavering counsel, the Tapers and Tadpoles of the Liberal Party, waited timorously to see which way the cat would jump. Joseph Chamberlain took the bold, straight course. Finding Gladstone too deeply committed to draw back, he broke away, definitely and for ever. Where his own path might lead he could not tell. All he knew was that the other path led straight to chaos. It was once a favourite theory—ghastly and yellow enough to-day—that Chamberlain split the Radical Party in the hope that the majority would follow him. He was, it was said, impatient of control, avid for full power, tired of Whiggish constraints, eager to dethrone Gladstone. In other words, Chamberlain was a small, self-conscious mediocrity, with a carefully mapped out plan to arrive. People who hint such folly have no understanding either of the mighty workings of chance in politics or of the motives that control men. To Chamberlain the Home Rule crisis came in the guise of a tragedy. He mourned, as only the generous mind can understand, the snapping of old ties, the quenching of ancient sympathies, the end of cherished intimacies. But the thing had to be done, and he indulged in no vain "doubts or hesitations", but into the wilderness he went, without looking back. A smaller man would have died politically there and then. A more unbalanced man might have degenerated into mere Bedouinism. But this Ulysses might be depended on to fashion for himself some kind of order out of chaos. It was a happy thing that his passion for the Union enabled him to work for other purposes with his old adversaries. Broader contacts completed his political education. They toned down and mellowed, though they never altogether destroyed, his Radicalism. They encouraged the unconscious Tory instinct which had always distinguished him from the severe

Manchester school. His imagination had fuller play. His six years' exile from office was one long preparation for the triumphs of the Colonial Secretaryship.

The year 1895 was the beginning of a new epoch. Chamberlain found the Colonial Office full of cobwebs and doleful creatures. He made it throb with vitality. He gave it ideals and a policy. The old makeshift methods, based on the conviction that separation was some day inevitable, were abandoned; and, with a new living faith in the destiny of Great and Greater Britain, new machinery was devised. It is to Chamberlain that we owe the majestic conception of a world-wide Anglo-Saxon Empire, transplanting the old idea of the Colonies as overgrown "plantations", anomalous perplexities to a bored Downing Street. One unpleasant task had to be undertaken. In South Africa the Boer Republics lay obstructive across the path of progress and unification. Mr. Chamberlain's eye detected the imposture of "a people rightly struggling to be free". He saw the Boer power as it was, and not as Radical sentimentality portrayed it—a rotten, selfish, churlish oligarchy, enthroned in sluttish arrogance and sloth, claiming the right to be ever a wen on the neck of peaceful industry. He smelt the fungus, and it stank. It was a nuisance, and it had to be abated. The war was not of his seeking. Its mismanagement did not lie at his door. What he did was necessary, and it was well done.

Then came the Tariff Reform campaign, the last work of the great Unionist, the work fated not to be done by him, but by those who shared his enthusiasms and bore their part in his battles. There is something to stir the blood, even at this lapse of time, in the memory of that Homeric warfare that opened at Glasgow in October, 1903. As a piece of mere pluck and endurance it was wonderful. All the economic orthodoxies were ranged against one man, and yet the fight was not unequal. Followed from one end of the kingdom to another by four ex-chancellors of the Exchequer, by Lord Rosebery, by Mr. Asquith, by the Duke of Devonshire, old colleagues and ancient foes in uneasy alliance, Mr. Chamberlain dealt blows right and left, using every weapon at his command—his splendid clearness of exposition, his blistering satire, his power of apt and homely illustration, the whip-like lash of his invective! What might have been in his lifetime had circumstances favoured, had his own daring inspired the whole party, it is futile to speculate. If the work that he did during the last three years of his active life were doomed to practical sterility its effect would still be immeasurable. There are things greater than Acts of Parliament, and the Tariff Reform campaign, even as Chamberlain left it, counts for more in the history of the British Empire than the whole legislative orgy of the last eight years.

But that Tariff Reform will not remain where Chamberlain left it is the highest testimony to his genius. He continues, like other great men, to rule in death. The man is gone, but his work remains. The best proof of constructive genius is that the machinery shall run true after the guiding hand of its maker has been removed. The predecessors of Richelieu held power just as long as they were alive and free. The moment they fell their systems fell with them. Concini's body was trampled underfoot; valets played cards on the coffin of Luynes. But when Richelieu died the engine he contrived did not stop. In death his spirit still inspired every department of the French State. Joseph Chamberlain's body lies in a shady corner of a cemetery in the city that he loved and that loved him. This simple grave is appropriate enough to a man whose private life was grandly simple, who cared little for money, nothing for the gauds and toys which many men regard as the fit aim of ambition. It is oddly inappropriate to the one British subject whose name is held in veneration all over the English-speaking world. But it is a small matter whether the dust of Joseph Chamberlain mingles with the soil of Birmingham or of Westminster. His monument is to be sought in every British land in the new conception of Imperial destiny; and from his quiet grave his spirit will direct the crowning of his life's work for the Empire and the race.

ULSTER AT BAY.

WHILE the rebuff in the House of Commons this week has damaged the prestige of the Government, it has brought no relief to Ulster. There are no signs that Mr. Asquith is going to abandon his dilatory manœuvring. The position in Ireland is becoming acute. Feeling is running very high. What are the Government going to do? That is a question that everyone asks, and no one can answer. Incredible as it may seem, the Cabinet are still undecided. They are still groping for a plan which will not turn Mr. Redmond against them. The Amending Bill admittedly is no solution. The amendments being made in the House of Lords are absolutely necessary to prevent the outbreak of civil war.

It was expected that the debate in the Lords would elicit the intentions of the Government, but it has not done so. Although they invited amendments to the Bill, they refuse to accept the amendments made by the House of Lords in Committee, nor has Lord Crewe given any indication of an alternative proposal. So far as the Government are concerned, the position has not altered in the least since March.

No one knows what they are going to do. Both Lord Crewe and Lord Morley have carefully abstained from committing the Government to any expression of opinion beyond a general recommendation of the Amending Bill; nor has the debate on the Opposition amendments in the Lords brought out any clear statement from Ministers. Lord Crewe's speech at the close of the second-reading debate on Monday, from which much was expected, threw no light on the intentions of the Government and very little on the practical working of the Amending Bill. Last week he refused to answer questions put by Lord Crawford, on the ground that he would have the opportunity of explaining many things to the House in the course of the debate. The opportunity has come, but Lord Crewe did not make use of it. Lord Curzon asked categorical questions as to whether the Government would drop the time limit, and the proposal for exclusion by separate counties. On both points Lord Crewe was silent. At the opening of the debate Lord Lansdowne commented on the illusory character of the exclusion offered in the Bill. Lord Crewe did not attempt to answer him. Lord Lansdowne's arguments therefore stand.

It has been the same in the Committee debates. Ministers have put forward no defence of their own proposals. Indeed, it looks as if the Government have abstained from defending the provisions of the Amending Bill because they know they are indefensible and that further examination would embarrass them by revealing further defects. The Government will continue to fence until, if ever, the Amending Bill is in the Commons. Not until they are forced to come to a decision between Ulster's demands and Mr. Redmond's votes will they face the issue. Mr. Asquith is proving himself expert in procrastination. With unenviable optimism he hopes, by dragging on the period of fearful suspense, to find a way out. It is appalling to consider the waste of valuable time since Lord Loreburn's memorable letter to the "Times" in September. The Government allowed six months to elapse, although the situation was perfectly plain, before they produced their exclusion proposals in March. Sir Edward Carson made it clear at once that Ulster would not agree to a temporary patchwork scheme. Nevertheless, the Government have allowed another four months to go by. They have put their original scheme into a Bill, although they are told that it will not be accepted. Although the Bill will leave the House of Lords next week, it is expected that they will not consider it in the Commons until the beginning of next month. Had any useful purpose been served by the delay in bringing the parties to a closer understanding there would be less reason to complain; but it is an open secret that Mr. Redmond refuses to give way, and it is now rumoured that when the Amending Bill reaches the House of Commons he will refuse to support it even in its original form. It is only by tracing the course of events since

Parliament rose last year that it is possible to understand the full responsibility of the Government in allowing matters to drift as they have done. If civil war breaks out the chief blame will rest upon Mr. Asquith. By putting off the evil day, in the hope that something will turn up, he has allowed feeling in Ireland to harden on both sides to such an extent that a peaceful solution appears to be impossible. By his negligence he has shown himself unfit for the responsibilities of his office.

Judging by the failure of the Cabinet in the past to appreciate the feeling in Ulster, we expect that when the Amending Bill reaches the Commons they will suggest some half-way proposal between the unqualified exclusion of Ulster and their own proposal of automatic inclusion after six years. But a makeshift scheme will not do. For instance, a proposal to exclude Ulster for the time being, but to allow individual counties to vote themselves into the Dublin Parliament after a given time, would not be accepted. The crux of the difficulty of any system of exclusion by counties lies in the fact that county boundaries are not co-terminous with the distribution of Catholics and Protestants. If the large Unionist minorities in Tyrone and Fermanagh refuse to enter the Dublin Parliament now, they would not willingly do so in a few years' time. Any solution on those lines would keep the whole province in a ferment in the interval, and therefore cannot be accepted. As Sir Edward Carson said at Herne Hill on Saturday, Ulster wants to see this question settled, and will not be satisfied with a makeshift scheme. She will not accept a system of patchwork exclusion, turning the province into a tessellated pavement. It is very doubtful whether the Ulster people could be persuaded to accept anything less than the exclusion of the whole province. They would regard the exclusion of six counties only as the betrayal of their co-religionists in the Roman Catholic border counties. They would consider themselves bound by their Covenant Oath to stand out for the Protestant communities in Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan. On all counts, if the existing geographical boundaries are to be observed, the clean-cut exclusion of the whole province is the most sensible and business-like course. It is urged by the other side that with the whole province of Ulster excluded the Nationalist minority would be subjected to the rule of their Unionist opponents. But the argument is false. The Nationalists in Ulster, unlike the Unionists in the South and West of Ireland—who are at least their equal in number—would not be forced under the rule of their hereditary enemies. They would continue, as now, under the rule of the Imperial Parliament to enjoy equal rights and equal justice with the people of Great Britain.

The rising temper of both sides in Ireland is the most serious part of the problem. Any form of compromise is rapidly becoming impossible. It seems as though the Cabinet imagine that events in Ireland will stand still while they continue to grope after a solution or to consummate their own downfall.

But Ulster is living under the shadow of the Parliament Act. The Government have declared that the Home Rule Bill shall become law at latest by the end of the session. They cannot blame Ulster for taking them at their word. Unless there is an autumn session the Bill will be presented for the Royal Assent some two months hence. Ulstermen are therefore making ready. If the Home Rule Bill becomes law the Provisional Government will be set up at once. The important meeting of the Ulster Unionist Council yesterday is the first step in the final preparations for the coming struggle. In the Nationalist camp, on the other hand, the fatal delay of the Cabinet is being used in attempts to obtain arms. While the appeal for money in America is not meeting with so ready a response as usual, we do not doubt that in course of time Mr. Redmond will have a large sum at his command. The Nationalist Volunteers will strain every nerve to smuggle in rifles and ammunition. In view of the long stretch of coast on the west, with many

isolated natural harbours, they have a fair chance of success. It is to be noted, however, that no appeal has been made by Mr. Redmond to the overseas Dominions for money to arm the Nationalist Volunteers against the Mother Country. Opinion in Australia and New Zealand is alarmed by the Separatist aims of the Nationalist Volunteers. It is not surprising that Mr. Redmond has found it prudent to restrict his appeal for funds to the United States.

While we greatly hope that Sir Edward Carson will still be able to keep his followers in hand, any day may see a conflict. We therefore appeal to men of every party to urge upon the Government the fatal danger of further delay. If they desire a peaceful settlement let them put proposals acceptable to Ulster before the country, regardless of Mr. Redmond and his votes.

THE DECAY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Government's difficulties grow daily. Its real weakness, alike in the policy of its leaders and the support of its followers, has been shown so clearly this week that even the faithful Ministerial Press now hardly tries to cloak it. In the House of Lords no guidance or even hint of a definite lead was vouchsafed on the Amending Bill by Lord Crewe and Lord Morley, and the India Council Bill, we are glad to say, was lost; in the Commons the Cabinet have had to guillotine what remained of their Finance Bill, to buy off a renewed revolt of the Holt group by the promise of an enquiry into the Income Tax, and—the worst shock of their career—to witness the reduction of their majority to twenty-three in a first-class division!

The Nationalist control of the dilatory policy of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor's Budget muddle have between them fixed the Government in this morass, from which there seems little chance that it will pull itself. The Parliamentary situation becomes continually more involved. Despite the fact that half the Budget proposals have been jettisoned, the year's finance is backward, and every available day until 5 August is allotted for that purpose. From that date the Amending Bill has to be considered in the Commons, and even if the Government survives the discussion of the amended Amending Bill, there remain the Revenue Bill, which provides material enough for most ordinary sessions, housing, education, the reform of the House of Lords—which "brooks no delay"—and the innumerable trimmings that encumber the skirts of an over-weighted programme. Faced with this accumulation the Cabinet is again unable to make up its mind, and, like the Coalition itself, is divided into opposing camps. One section, led by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, would like an early adjournment of the House in August and an autumn session from October to Christmas; or even, if necessary—this is the latest plan—a brand-new session starting in October and continuing till May without a break. A rival section favours cutting the losses, scrapping the programme, and extending the annual massacre of the innocents to such unwieldy and unwelcome items as the Revenue Bill. They admit frankly that Mr. Lloyd George's latest offspring, which the expectant parent boasted in advance was to be the pride of the family, is an unmitigated nuisance, and urge its abandonment on the doorstep of the National Liberal Club; they are openly angry at the continual delays and the muddle heaped on muddle which has led to the introduction of the guillotine on the Budget, and the consequent diminution of the House of Commons' control over finance; and they have lost all faith in Mr. Lloyd George, not merely as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but even as a vote-catcher. The land campaign was an even worse failure than the land taxes; the Budget has provoked revolt instead of the enthusiasm that was to drown the prospect of civil war in a shower of gold for local rates. If bribes for the masses fail and attacks on dukes grow tedious, what is the Chancellor's future in the Liberal Party?

In fighting for an autumn session and the Revenue Bill, Mr. Lloyd George is fighting for his political life. He is not the man he was; his fortunes have declined steadily since the Insurance Act, and each successive attempt to restore his prestige—we speak here of political programmes, not of the Marconi prevarication—has ended by reducing his level. His failure as a constructive statesman is now open to the world, and the creditable part he has played as would-be peacemaker behind the scenes in the Irish controversy is not recognised. The growing distrust of the mixture of finance and social reform which he labels a Budget is marked in his own party, and the Labour group are now his only devoted followers in the Coalition. The one thing which can retrieve Mr. Lloyd George's reputation would be a period of opposition, during which his failure at the Treasury would be forgotten in the contemplation of his undoubted strength in attack. But with the perversity of politicians who contemplate their own genius, he does not recognise the fact that he is in the wrong place as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In football phrase, he is an admirable forward—fast, keen, careless of tumbles, and quite ready to sit on the referee when he is given off-side; but as a goalkeeper he has failed badly. Yet he wants to remain in goal until the very end of the game, although his own side recognise that his real place is in the open field.

On the whole, therefore, we doubt if Mr. Lloyd George is personally wise in clinging to his Revenue Bill and an autumn session, although we recognise the temptation to his vanity. That way lies a smash—if it does not come before—and in politics, as in speculation, it is often wise to cut one's losses. The fact that the policy of local grants has not inspired the public to enthusiasm should be enough for an astute electioneer like the Chancellor; he had best cast around for another scheme, or, failing all else, fall back on abuse of Tariff Reform. That, at least, would not lose so many votes to his party as a repetition of the frank bribery of his eve-of-the-poll speech at Ipswich. The electorate is not too delicate in its political susceptibilities, but there are some of the Chancellor's pills which it simply cannot swallow.

It is possible, however, that Mr. Lloyd George will win his way, despite every protest from the rival campaigners on his own side, and persuade his colleagues to hold an autumn session. It is true that the rival memorials for and against the scheme which have been hawked about the lobby and the smoking-rooms of the House of Commons this week have proved emphatically that the bulk of the Liberal Party, and most of its weightier members, are opposed to an autumn session. But it is common for tired Cabinets to get out of touch with equally tired followers—the Parliamentary correspondent of the "Daily News" openly laments that such is the case to-day—and the Coalition Die-hards who promise to attend steadily at St. Stephens from Michaelmas to Christmas may defeat the rival group which has told Mr. Illingworth emphatically that no consideration whatever will bring it to Westminster. The Holt cave has collapsed—it collapses every Thursday and revives as regularly every Monday—but any attempt to hold an autumn session in order to pass the Revenue Bill would see the cave not merely reconstructed, but inconveniently crowded.

The Government's difficulties are entirely of its own making. It attempted to drive too heavy a programme over too rough a road. At first it thought it had lost its Budget; now it knows it has lost itself. One school, a perceptible but growing minority in its ranks, holds that the best thing it can do is to behave as all sensible men do in a desperate illness—wind up its affairs and submit as quickly as possible to the drastic operation of a general election; but the majority, not unconscious of their Parliamentary salaries, still seem to prefer to wait on events in the hope that the tide of misfortune may turn. They have clearly forgotten the penalty which the last Unionist Government paid for outstaying its welcome; the Radical "bitter-enders", like the Boer "bitter-enders" in the war, tempt fate in vain. If the Government had gone to the

country last January they might have snatched a new lease of life; but with the record of the Curragh muddle, the War Office muddle, the Cabinet muddle which followed those episodes, and the latest Budget muddle against them, their chance has gone.

A PEST OF PUBLICITY.

DURING the present generation a certain "school" of writers has evolved itself into conspicuous existence without having as yet received the label of a distinctive epithet. If we were called upon to select one, our choice would be "open-mouthed". It is by no means complimentary. To be open-minded, or open-eyed, or open-handed is, of course, commendable in everybody's nature. But "open-mouthed" suggests nothing more attractive than at best, say, a huddle of callow nestlings, clamorous and unfastidious, with grub-laden parents in attendance. From this illustration it appears that the adjective is applicable, with differing significance, to both writers and readers. The quality connoted is, however, among readers no new thing, though perhaps nowadays more pronounced than heretofore, the appetite having grown with feeding. Among writers, on the contrary, its rapid development and obtrusion into literature, as apart from sheer society journalism, out of which it seems to be a leakage, give it a novel aspect and make it a matter of some importance.

A definition of open-mouthedness appears to be most easily given in negatives: want of discretion, forbearance, common sense, good manners, and humour, with often, underlying all these wants, a fundamental deficiency in imaginative power. Its effects on a writer's work manifest themselves in positive forms, such as egoism, vanity, bad taste, personalities, exaggeration, mischief-making, silliness, conjoined with a strong propensity for the composition of Reminiscences and Autobiographies. These works so obviously offer a wider scope than any other department of literature for the exercise of this particular quality that it is not surprising to see them now increase in number and garrulity. Their authors are apparently imbued with the principle that knowledge of any fact is always a sufficient reason for imparting it to all and some. Accordingly they adopt the simple plan once recommended to an unsuccessful candidate by a sarcastic examiner, who handed him a scrap of paper with an injunction to set down on it *everything* he knew. But these candidates for publicity command an unlimited supply of writing materials, coupled with a gift of indiscrimination which should enable them to fill reams with the utmost ease. For a motto they render *μὴδὲν ἄγαν*: *Nothing is too much*. They steadfastly disbelieve that any fraction, except possibly an improper one, can be better than the whole. And they constantly quote, or misquote, the aphorism that anybody who faithfully records his own experiences of life can produce an interesting book.

There are two dangerous points in this aphorism when it is taken for a precept. The first is an assumption that every interesting book should be published without delay; the second, a disregard of the fact that nobody, unless he be by profession a species of pillar-saint, can relate his own experiences apart from those of his neighbours. And in these times St. Simeon Stylites himself might be led into chronicling the gossip of calling airmen. In the second place, these blatant writers disregard, or possibly never paid a penny to learn, the maxim: *De vivis nil*. As Leslie Stephen says: "Formerly if a man wanted to talk about himself, he wrote an autobiography, to be published *posthumously*. Now the Autobiography is being superseded by the Reminiscences." And the memories from which they are compiled seem excessively up-to-date. They abound greatly in "chatter about Harriet"—not the Harriets of bygone generations, to whom, and to whose friends, chatter may be neither here nor there, but Harriets still in the land of the living, and haply, not having kept step with the times, loth to find themselves thus promiscuously celebrated.

Not that we need suppose the recording of anything actually to their disadvantage. We do not accuse these over-communicative authors of, as a rule, dealing in Blake's "truth that's told with bad intent". The intent is often, no doubt, quite friendly, and merely foolish; the truth just a bit of harmless twaddle, a very "careless trifle". Still to that sum of trifles, life, a horror may be added by the apprehension that we are liable any day to see ourselves named on a printed page as having once eaten a dozen raw tomatoes at luncheon, or as habitually carrying a purple-handled umbrella, or as avowing a belief in the unluckiness of peacock's feathers. Nor are the effects of even such minor forebodings altogether trivial. To them, for instance, we may plausibly trace that decline in the arts of conversation and correspondence which we hear so frequently deplored. For it is easy to imagine how seriously the consciousness, or even subconsciousness, that we were talking in the vicinity of a megaphonograph would impede the flow of our discourse; how detrimentally the spontaneousness and ease of our epistolary style would be diminished by the haunting wish that we were using ink warranted to become invisible within a few weeks. So many possible annoyances, in short, suggest themselves that, recognising the absence of any bad motive, we can but borrow from Swinburne's "In Sepulcretis" his use of Shakespeare's mighty line and comment: "Now what a thing it is to be an ass!"

This "In Sepulcretis" sonnet-sequence should be learned by heart by every commencing autobiographer, not omitting the prefixed motto from Heine: "To publish even one line of an author, which he himself has not intended for the public at large—especially letters which are addressed to private persons—is to commit a despicable act of felony".

Strong language, yet hardly too strong, at any rate in principle, though in practice the publication may happen to be the pettiest of petty larceny. It is surely far otherwise in the case of people who, laying hands on some "remains" accidentally left by an illustrious man of letters, give to the world what he had, with obviously good judgment, designed to suppress. "His worst he kept", or would fain have done so, but having discreetly blotted his pages, he unluckily left them lying about, to be fished out of the wastepaper basket, and pryingly deciphered, with the result that what he had himself placed on an Index Expurgatorius is widely advertised in a popular Table of Contents. The current year has seen more than one reputable periodical accept such involuntary contributions—involuntary on the part of those whom we cannot help imagining somehow most concerned—making all who respect the memory of the dead desire that the whole issue could be drowned deeper than Prospero's book.

But for the open-mouthed there is nothing written that should not be printed, and printed without delay. Whence it has come to pass, from time to time, that the appearance of a "Life and Letters" has been followed by regrettable incidents which the interposition of a decent interval would have precluded. The consequences of such inconsiderate haste were notably seen within many people's recollection in the wrath to which Robert Browning was stirred by Edward Fitzgerald's confidential utterance of relief at Mrs. Browning's death, disclosed in a letter published untimely, if indeed there ever "should have been a time for such a word" to meet more ears than his for whom it was meant.

And only the other day, as a grotesque *reductio ad absurdum*, a very drunken helot to warn commencing autobiographers off the perils of this unseemly habit, everybody was offered, for a halfpenny, the spectacle of certain love-letters printed in facsimile, accompanied by appropriate portraits. The imaginative purchaser might be excused if when handed his copy he, like William of Deloraine, "thought as he took it the dead man frowned".

"A despicable act of felony"—no one could call Heinrich Heine open-mouthed, but he was on occasion plain-spoken, entirely a different thing.

SPECIAL ARTICLE.

CHAMBERLAIN.

BY THE RT. HON. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P.

IN the last week almost everything has been said or written about the great Englishman who has just died which is possible until his correspondence and private papers have been examined by the writer, whoever he may be, chosen to be his biographer. Persons with incomparably greater claims than I to speak of him: his old colleagues: his old opponents: his permanent officials: his intimate personal friends: all have added something, not to our conception of the man, but to our knowledge of his doings and his words. I say "not to our conception of the man", because it was a result of his direct personality that his countrymen realised quite clearly and quite early in his career what kind of a man Chamberlain was. His speeches and his acts were the exact expression of his character and temperament. And his intellect was as clear and simple as that of Gladstone was opaque and sophistical. Chamberlain always said what he thought, and he never had any doubt that he was right. He was right amazingly often in dealing with questions which deceived some of the most powerful and subtle minds of his generation. But, right or wrong, no one who heard him ever doubted that he was listening to a man who was sure that he was right, and this circumstance was one of the principal reasons of his popularity; for the English people likes to be governed by men who themselves believe in the faith they preach, and it has never been greatly concerned if such persons make mistakes.

A fuller recognition of the essential consistency of Chamberlain's career is now becoming general. The years of course brought him development, and mellowed the violence of his earlier days, but they never substantially altered the nature of his outlook upon public affairs. The full expression of his political personality was cramped in one obvious respect until he left Gladstone by his association with the Radical party: it was thereafter partially arrested, though never destroyed by the closeness of his relations with the Tory party. While a violent Radical in domestic politics, he contemned and ridiculed the Radical outlook upon national and Imperial problems. Bright wrote to a friend in despair of Chamberlain's "perversity" of view in these matters. If he had remained a Liberal it is certain that he would have educated the Liberal party as completely as Disraeli educated the Tory party. I have always held the view that, on balance, the country would have gained had the Home Rule crisis never arisen to thrust Chamberlain from the party of his youth. I am sure that many great public mischiefs would have been abated, the survival of which is very harmful to public stability. And the Radical party would have been led from the strange mood which always finds England wrong and her enemies right, and which weeps in tedious hysteria over every struggling nationality but Ulster. As leader of the Liberal party Chamberlain would have made his life's work in the sphere of domestic politics the improvement of the condition of the common people. And observe the different course which the movement of social reform would have followed. It would have been divorced from the crude virus of class hatred which supplies all Mr. Lloyd George's driving power; it would have been informed, thorough and scientific, instead of being like Mr. Lloyd George's work, sloppy, ill-balanced and undigested. I have said that Chamberlain was necessarily limited by the political environment of his later days. Had he been born a Conservative the party would have tolerated with infinitely more composure a campaign on behalf of social reform which could have been plausibly affiliated upon the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. But among a certain section of the party he was always suspect. He was regarded much as Mr. Churchill is regarded to-day by extreme party men among Radicals. Like all practical men he was compelled to work with the most suitable persons or association of persons in fact

available. In measuring the achievement of his life it must not be forgotten that he was never the leader of a great political party; his views were never reinforced by titular control; and he never worked with a party with which he completely agreed alike upon domestic and foreign questions. Destined as he was not to remain a Radical, England, I think, would have gained if he had belonged originally to that school of political thought to which Randolph Churchill devoted so much brilliancy and so much thought. That the two could at any moment in their careers have worked together is indisputable. And even if their progress had caused heartburnings, and perhaps secessions, it would have kept the Conservative party in contact with the masses, and in doing so would have done much to maintain the ungrudging co-operation of classes, and the consequent stability of social order which in the sphere of domestic politics should be the first and the last object of enlightened Tory policy.

It is a commonplace to talk of Chamberlain's courage. It was, indeed, of the highest order. He walked amid the gravest political labyrinths with a serene and tranquil composure, which was all the more impressive because it was so obviously unaffected. There are reasons for supposing that he was aware that his health might at any moment give rise to critical anxiety long before his breakdown in 1906. The knowledge never affected his mode of life in the smallest degree. But moral courage is rarer in its highest manifestations than physical courage, and the moral courage of Chamberlain was superb. I have not time to deal here with the inner history of his Tariff campaign, though much that is interesting and very illustrative of the man might be, and will be, written upon this subject. I myself have always admired Chamberlain most for the decision which he formed, and upon which he acted, that it was necessary to conquer the Boer Republics. I have no doubt that if he had been the autocratic ruler of England he would have struck much sooner, for I am sure he knew that war was inevitable long before the issue of the Boer ultimatums. The Radical party continues to give itself testimonials for having granted self-government to South Africa. Nothing but the vigour and determination of Mr. Chamberlain would have preserved within the Empire the colonies to which Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman gave representative institutions. A sore, malignant and expansive, was sapping the vital tissues of our Empire in South Africa. It was Mr. Chamberlain, in a mealy-mouthed age, who decreed *Delenda est Carthago*. The future of South Africa may well be the most permanent monument alike of his prescience and of his nerve.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

A PARABLE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

By JOHN PALMER.

MSTRAVINSKY'S "Le Rossignol" is a parable with more than a technical meaning. It illustrates a principle of art which at the moment is often neglected. Indeed, it serves so excellent a critical turn that I must this week be allowed to talk a little music.

Art is like any other sensible thing in one respect. If you want to get anywhere, or ever to know where you really are, you must know where you are starting from. Motion is only possible towards or away from a fixed point; and, if no point is fixed, it is useless to move about. Sensible people who are really anxious to get somewhere have always realised the advantage of starting from a place on the map. Beethoven, who arrived at the Ninth Symphony, started from a point on the map surveyed and established by Papa Joseph. Wagner, in turn, was careful to take with him the map of his symphonic predecessor, and, thanks to Beethoven, got deeper into the wilderness, steering cautiously by the diminished seventh. How modern people have used the Wagnerian chart to go further

yet need not here be detailed. The point is that all artistic achievement consists in moving organically towards or away from values established and familiar. Adventure, mystery and originality are attained only by contrast with things known and accomplished. We are thrilled with an inspired suspension by Mozart only because we are sensible of its resolution. We are interested by a violent harmonic twist of Dr. Strauss because our ears are temporarily defeated and anxious to be reassured. The point is that neither Mozart could thrill, nor Dr. Strauss interest us, were it not for the fact that they start from familiar ground. Their originality or invention could not have so poignant a significance were it not that they adventure out of tradition into the unexpected. This is equally true of all the arts. Till we know whence a poet starts it is not possible to follow his journey. An emotional passage from Racine would be meaningless in a page of Hugo. Racine's values are delicate and classical. His vocabulary was of three thousand words. His style does not burn and throb. Yet he moves us as deeply as the exuberant loosing of a romantic flood when we have got our bearings—when we know exactly where we are. When we have touched the marble of his calm we can be passionately stirred by the delicate flush of his formal climax.

Music, being the purest of the arts, the art where matter and manner, form and substance, are most perfectly united, is always the best medium in which to think of art in general; and in no art is the necessity of starting from a fixed tradition more surely revealed. The need has become almost physical. Musical expression can only advance by the organic and gradual development of a fixed tonal system. All its effects of triumph, sorrow, mystery, tenderness, ecstasy, or despair have been won by leading the spirit through the ear towards or away from harmonies which traditionally satisfy or disappoint established expectations. The modern European key system, like the pictorial convention that the sky is blue, or the literary convention that a pentameter has five feet, is only necessary as a point of departure. It is something to modify and get away from. But it is essential to remember that, however far away you may get, it is there as the measure of your progress. What is technically known as the triad system of harmony—the system whereby musical Europe has always lived—is not of divine origin. Nor is it a system of iron rules professorially determined and strictly to be respected. But it is the fundamental basis of our music; and all the great music of the world has been written by beautifully observing and yet more beautifully breaking its laws in obedience to a growing refinement of the musical ear. This system is the fixed point whence all musicians have hitherto been content to start. Its acceptance by composers from Bach to Borodin illustrates their need as artists to know exactly where they were.

This brings us to M. Stravinsky's "Le Rossignol". Certain modern musicians—Stravinsky, Schönberg, and Scriabin, who have all visited London within the last year—have torn up the old charts and started off into a wilderness of their own from a point in space arbitrarily fixed by themselves. Every artist has a right to take the way that suits him; but let us be clear as to precisely what this decision usually implies. I will be figurative to avoid being technical. It is as though a modern writer of plays, arguing that Shakespeare had exhausted the resources of the English language, preferred, in novelty's name, to write in an Esperanto of his own devising. I do not think we should applaud the courage and originality of such an author, or assume that he was likely to take us very far into the hearts of men. His prepossession with mere idiom points to a barren consciousness of self, an uneasy looking for simple and obvious ways of cutting an artistic figure in the world. It shows an excessive interest in ways and means. The person whose one anxiety is never to talk like anybody else usually ends by talking nonsense. His conversation is not, at any rate, likely to be very exuberant or free. His

adverbs may be original, but his ideas will probably be negligible. The revolutionary musician who refuses to use the scales of Beethoven and Wagner, who makes an aesthetic point of breaking with his contemporaries, is in precisely the position of Shakespeare's countryman refusing to use the language of Shakespeare. When a musician begins to write in an idiom of his own invention, he deliberately chooses to surrender a mighty instrument of expression, forged painfully through the centuries, eloquent at every point with association—an instrument he himself may glorify and refine yet further—which will take him out of the familiar and sacred ways of his predecessors to the limits of human expression. In return for this mighty instrument our supposed revolutionary musician airily constructs an instrument altogether his own. His immediate advantage is obvious. He can please us with the novelty of his toy. He has even found a short cut to the beautiful. Some of the new scales and harmonic devices are in themselves extremely lovely. But the penalty is enormous. There can be in their music no inevitable progress, movement, climax, or development.

When we have heard one or two simple figures in the harmonic scale of Scriabin we have heard all he has to say. There is no other life in these ideas than their invented idiom supplies. They cannot organically move and grow because their root is not in the earth. We are in a logical cloude cuckooland. The compositions of these modern men are like the kaleidoscopic toy through which we look at bits of coloured glass. Turn the tube, and the bits arrange themselves a little differently. But they are the same bits of glass, and turning the tube very soon becomes monotonous. Stravinsky's "Le Rossignol" is, for the most part, just one of these childish toys. The same little bits of idiom twinkled about in the orchestra. Sometimes they were very delicate and pretty. Sometimes they were simply errors of judgment. But, however transiently charming or undesirable they might be, the really serious and significant point about them was that they never grew in significance. As we felt at the beginning, so we felt at the end; except that at the beginning it was the unexpected that happened, whereas at the end we always knew what to expect.

No evening just now can be better spent than at the Drury Lane Theatre; and I doubt if any evening could tell us more than an evening on which Stravinsky's "Le Rossignol" is followed by "La Légende de Joseph" of Dr. Strauss. No antithesis could be more complete. There are some very beautiful musical themes in "Le Rossignol", notably in the first and last preludes. But Stravinsky has been unable to develop these themes according to the idiom he affects. Dr. Strauss, on the other hand, uses every resource which tradition has bequeathed him, together with resources of his own, to develop themes which hardly survive a restatement. The contrast between these two ballets persisted into the scenery and dancing. "Le Rossignol" was beautifully mounted. It is one of the best things M. Alexandre Benois has done. His setting counts more in "Le Rossignol" than the dances of M. Boris Romanov. "La Légende de Joseph", on the other hand, does not add to the glory of M. Léon Bakst. M. Bakst has done infinitely better at Covent Garden this season with Boito's "Mefistofele". "La Légende de Joseph" must stand or fall by its dancing. This is at moments extremely skilful. Mme. Karsavina was so competently wicked as the wife of Potiphar that she must surely have had her way with Joseph had the music really helped. But the seduction music of this ballet would not corrupt a fly in midsummer. Even so, one can't help being a little surprised by the issue. That Joseph should have preferred the company of the angel who carried him off to the company of Potiphar's wife has only to be seen to be disbelieved.

THE CRITIC.

BY HUGH WALPOLE.

MR. S— was over fifty enough to be more than middle-aged and to be aware that this was so. He had been a critic of our literature for thirty years, and his back was bent and his eyes dim with the thirty years' effort to discover what is wrong with "our writers, because something is very wrong indeed". He was tall, clumsily made, beginning now to be fat (he had never, he thanked God, been able to play our English games), had untidy hair that was here grey and there soon would be. He wore large spectacles, and through these his eyes peered searching (but, as he knew, with scanty expectation) for something of which he, as a critic, might approve.

Upon a certain evening he was sitting at his writing-table, destroying with a weary pleasure a little bundle of novels that lay huddled like sheep in a slaughterhouse at his side. He lived in one of our most prosperous garden-cities, and his room was enlivened by a large photograph of Tchekov, a bad water-colour of the Parthenon, and a bust of Ibsen.

He had made it his business now for a great number of years to prove that in contemporary English literature all the failures should be successes and all the successes failures. He had been waiting for thirty years, and had, on the whole, very little to show for his trouble, and to-night, as he slaughtered the last of the novels, he did feel, for a moment, a suspicion of discontent. He had indeed been immensely scathing, but would there not be those other wretched journals whose uncritical praise would balance, in the eyes of a stupid world, his own bitter wisdom? Thirty years ago there had been, it seemed, certain things that he could praise—difficult enough to find anything now. Many months had passed since his last instance of timid approval, and here was indeed a problem, because, did he praise anyone too nobly, then was he himself assisting towards that popularity that waited, like a scaly, fiery dragon, to devour poor young authors.

Of that same dragon he had, thank heaven, seen little enough. Once and again, at intervals in his long career of destruction, he had flung his own creations at the feet of the bustling world, but that same world had not even been aware that they were there.

He did not blame the world; the noise and chatter of the wretched mountebanks who fancied themselves writers must drown the unexaggerated realism of the finer spirits, but the memory of those still-born children of his did not soften his acerbity towards the poor volumes that lay so helplessly at his mercy. As the years had passed he had become ever a finer and finer critic. He shuddered now to think of some of the glaring twopence-coloured stuff that he had praised twenty years ago. Not for nothing had his eyes grown dim and the lines of his mouth bitter; weary and worn he might be, but—again he thanked the gods—he saw more faults every day that he breathed. Coarsenesses, exaggerations, melodramatics, sentimentalities—all these unrealities lay barer and barer before his critical vision. Did he only live to be eighty he would be a fine critic indeed!

Beyond everything did his eyes now penetrate the unreality of these wretched efforts! Living as he did between the garden-city and a small restaurant in Soho, with occasional visits to newspaper offices and, once and again, a day in the country (he liked to listen to the birds and see the flowers, but it very often rained), he could not be said to have examined every phase of life in the social world, but he imagined it all well enough, could guess what Society on the one hand and our Peasantry on the other really stood for. Ibsen, Dostoeffsky, Turgenev told him what life was like.

It was indeed one of his principal duties to point out how vastly superior was any foreign work to any English one. Were the translation of a German or Russian play performed in London, he bewailed the poverty of

our acting, the lack of all dramatic ability, the crude attempts at atmosphere in our "décor" and stagecraft. What a fine opportunity was offered him when a German or Russian novel was presented to the English public! How delighted he was that it should have no success, how grimly ironic he would be at the contrasted sales of Mr. W— M— and Fédor Rozzanzky! How exultant over the empty stalls at Herr Grüsswitz' Viennese tragedy!

He did not, in these exultations, intend any hurt to anyone. He was a kindly and generous man in private life, would always carefully step over a beetle did he see one lying in his path, and he wrote sometimes to the "Times", protesting against some case of cruelty or harsh judgment. He hated to think of all the suffering that there was in the world, and yet the novels that he preferred dealt invariably with the gloomiest aspects of life and always left their characters in the most hopeless and desperate situations. The gloomier a work of fiction the more real it seemed to him, and had only all our novelists been inmates of lunatic asylums he would have been able to have some hope of English fiction.

His soft, melancholy voice might be heard any day of the week between the hours of one and two in the Soho restaurant, gently urging his scornful opinions upon his younger friends; his mild, dim eyes peered about to see if there were any hope anywhere, but found none. The garden-city received his tired body at night and prepared his soul for a fresh day of despair.

Upon this evening of which I have already spoken he finished, at last, his slaughter of the innocents, read over what he had written, frowning to himself as he did so, then put the sheets into a long envelope, stamped it, and fastened it. He sighed as he came away from the table. He was afraid that his brain was becoming a little confused. There were so many novelists now, and they all wrote such long novels, and they, the novelists, were so young that it was positively terrifying to think of all the work that they would turn out before they died—terrifying and very, very exhausting . . . he might hope to kill a few of them, but no sooner did he slay one than there sprang up twenty more in his place . . . very like a nightmare, all of it. He drank his glass of hot milk and went to bed.

It is to be supposed that he slept. The world passed away from him, in space he floated, blissfully unconscious of the solemn duties of an English critic. . . . He slept and then, with a start, was conscious that he was back again in his study, sitting once more at his desk, the lamp burning behind him, his pen moving with fierce rapidity across the paper. What he was doing there, why he had not remained in bed and asleep (he was always very regular in his habits), he did not stop to enquire—far too eagerly was he engaged upon his writing . . . his pen rushed across the page, sheet after sheet was filled and flung to one side.

Only an hour ago he had been sitting there, wearily and impatiently forcing his pen along. Now how different! His cheeks were glowing with excitement, his hair almost on end, his eyes staring from behind his glasses. He had never known his heart beat so eagerly before; he was not conscious of the room nor of the garden city; he was awake with an amazing, wide-eyed exultation . . . he did not think about his happiness—it seemed to him just now a quite natural thing—but he could have hummed a little tune or even danced a little dance, with such brilliance and vitality were the pictures of people and places passing through his brain!

How his pen chased the lines of the paper, never pausing, never hesitating for a word or phrase! He was writing a novel—yes, he knew that that was his task because the people were talking in his head and, as they flung their brilliance at one another, so, instantly, was that same brilliance transformed on to the paper.

He did not know how late he sat there; at last, with a happy little sigh, he put down his pen, sank back in

his chair, surveyed the pile of manuscript . . . a glow was at his heart, he felt good towards the whole world, he would like to have given others some share of his happiness. The Creator! . . . The Creator! . . . No, there was no prize that the gods could offer that could compare with the gift of creation. . . . The hours passed. . . .

Then suddenly, with a little turn of the head, as it seemed, he was lying in his bed again—lying there watching the dark shapes of the furniture against the wall, conscious that he had, at that instant, been awakened from some dream. A dream of what kind? . . . He could not remember. Lazily, sleepily, he turned his head upon the pillow and was once more asleep. . . .

On the next day, at about a quarter to one, he was walking along Shaftesbury Avenue towards his Soho restaurant when, as though it had leapt, like a Jack-in-the-box, out of the very pavement, his dream jumped up at him. He stopped, gasping with the impact of it. He remembered every detail, the glow, the happiness, the final exultation. . . . But he remembered more. He could see the title at the page's top—"Just a Heroine"—he could recall fragments of dialogue that he had written.

"Lord Brentwood's lip curled beneath his silken moustache. He bent forward in his chair, curved like a snake hovering above his victim."

"My darling", he whispered, his black eyes aglow . . .

Mr. S— was jostled now in the back, now in front—a sharp elbow struck his side. He moved forward slowly, his eyes staring vaguely about him.

Then, as though it had been placed there before him by the ironic gods, there faced him a bookshop—a bookshop whose window had arranged in gay lines and pyramids within it the scarlet, flaunting works of a certain lady novelist who confronts, most gaily, upon the publication of any new work from her pen the ironic witticism of a thousand critics. She is, we are often told, the worst of our lady novelists—she is also the richest.

Mr. S—'s stricken gaze discovered in the centre of the tallest pyramid a volume entitled "Just a Heroine". He was driven into the shop—he purchased the work. (This is a thing that critics seldom do.) Standing in the street he opened it. . . . Yes, his worst forebodings were realised. The villain's name was "Lord Brentwood"—"Eustace to his friends and relations".

He passed up the street, the book beneath his arm. What had occurred? Had he read "Just a Heroine" at some earlier day and had fragments of it penetrated, after so many years, into his dream? That seemed scarcely probable. Had he, then, been possessed for a moment last night by the spirit of the lady novelist? Had he . . . ?

But no. One impression only was left with him. That was the recollection, sharp, biting, vivid in its contrast, of his happiness. Never before had he been so happy as in his dream last night. He would never, he was afraid, know such happiness again. He sighed as he entered his little restaurant. No, he would never realise such happiness again.

At luncheon that day he surprised his young friends and admirers by the mildness of his opinions.

"There may be something, after all", he said, "in R—'s book. . . . Anyhow, he probably enjoyed doing it." He sighed. "That's something!"

SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF.—V.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THE comments of a great man, Dr. Johnson, on Shakespeare's plays are strangely fatuous. I gratefully acknowledge his help in difficult readings, but the comments on the plays as a whole are a very different matter. At the end of the plays in both my old editions of Shakespeare these comments are almost invariably given.

They declare the plot and incidents of this play and that to be absurd and impossible, and so forth. Of course, it is perfectly true they often are absurd and impossible, as absurd and impossible as the fiction about Earls marrying servant maids which is invented for the kitchen, or as the "bloods" and detective stories made for errand boys. But we all know it and do not want to be constantly reminded of it: "Who's denying of it, Betsy?" is the natural retort to the severe notes by Johnson at the end of each play. No one ever doubted that the plot and incidents of, for example, "As You Like It" are absurd and impossible. Oliver's reformation is absurd and impossible. It is absurd and impossible for Orlando not to recognise Rosalind and her tricks. It is absurd and impossible for all the lovers to meet in the way they do in the Forest of Arden, and the lioness is absurd. The repentance of the usurping Duke is absurd and impossible. But none of these things really matters. In "As You Like It" and other plays of Shakespeare's these absurd and impossible things were merely (a) convenient pegs on which to hang his glorious wit and wisdom and his deep thought and feelings; and (b) they were necessary for the purposes of his business, his profession: they were bread and butter. Shakespeare, the play-writer, the caterer for the public, had to provide them: they were part of the pot-boiling necessity; and had it not been for the industrious way in which Shakespeare complied with these necessities, he would not have been able to retire with a competency. He would not have been able to carry out his ambition of restoring somewhat the fortunes and position of his family—which was a right and straight ambition.

Shakespeare under the system in which he lived—the same system, substantially, as that in which we live—namely, individualism—had to popularise in some degree. He had to cater for the public. Shakespeare had to be in part a commercialist, and without the faintest doubt one traces this in many pages of his book. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Style", or in his "Shakespeare" in the "English Men of Letters" series, speaks of this. I have not the books by me at the moment, but I think the passage comes in a reference to a line or two in one of the sonnets—

"Alas 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored my own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear".

I suspect Shakespeare was thinking not merely of himself as a play-actor, but of the popular business generally. Sir Walter Raleigh detects in it a note of agony, and Shakespeare may indeed have bitterly hated at times the hard necessity. But did it really tell against his life-work as a whole? Take out every cheap thing in the works of Shakespeare, can you imagine the result of that work, the supreme achievement of it, appreciably greater than it is? The cheap things, the indifferent things, in Shakespeare, the absurd and impossible plots, and so forth, do not to my mind matter a straw.

We need not bow down to individualism or to the commercialism it connotes. It is not a god exactly good to worship. It suggests too much the attributes of brass or stone for that purpose. But under individualism, under the often terrible stress of it, the iron necessities of it, a vast deal of the noblest and finest work of the world has been done, the best things of the mind and soul. Shakespeare's work essentially was done under its necessities. What is more, there is not the slightest proof that this vast deal would have been done under any other imaginary system. Had it not have been for the harsh, crushing system of individualism, Chatterton, I may be told, might have lived on—and how glorious a work might not a matured Chatterton have produced! Yes, but how do we know that Chatterton, had he lived securely and comfortably under some Collectivist ideal, would ever have written the "Rowley" poems and the "Ballad of Charity"?—

Shakespeare is good proof of the worthlessness of men worrying and troubling fastidiously about their "collected works"; cutting out this and that passage, which, they would explain, was a youthful and crude thing; and being in a sweat and agony lest some indiscreet admirer should discover and republish some forgotten and condemned trifle of theirs. It is piffle, and a vain business. One likes to think that, had Shakespeare ever collected his works and published a final—or is it a "definitive"?—edition, he would not have polished and refined with meticulous vanity, nor have anxiously ruled out parts of "Henry VI." or "Pericles". The doubtful plays, or the doubtful parts of the plays, are in our modern editions; and for that alone our modern editions are better than the 1623 folio: I would not leave out a line of one of them, any more than I would leave Cotton out of Walton's "Compleat Angler". I have Booth's 1860 reprint of the First Folio. It lacks "Pericles", and therefore how much it lacks!

To leave out "Pericles" to-day would be, indeed, monstrous folly. "Pericles", whether it was a late work or whether, as some have supposed, it was early, has doubtless some indifferent scenes, some poor stuff. It seems to have been a patchwork. It was apparently a sort of pot-boiling affair, and it was a very popular and successful play. Yet even in "Pericles" we have glorious work which no amount of commercialism or catering for the public could affect. How superb and terrible that scene between Pericles and the incestuous father and daughter, how lovely the bridal night lines, and then that music of the spheres which Pericles hears when he is assured of his daughter—it is all authentic and great Shakespeare. No one but Shakespeare, says Sir Walter Raleigh, could have written Act IV. I daresay that is so, but I know that only Shakespeare could have wrought the lines—

"Yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling",
and I doubt whether anyone, even among those great Elizabethans, could have wrought Marina's exquisite "vignette" as Professor Hertford describes it in his edition of Shakespeare's works. My idea is that "Pericles" was not an early but a late patchwork or pot-boiler of Shakespeare's, for it is sprinkled with wondrous things that suggest the later phase somehow. Perhaps the best things in it are not equal to the best things in "Winter's Tale". It has not the magical list of the flowers some of them let fall from Dis's waggon, nor the song of the sweet o' the year, and it has not Perdita—Marina is not quite in her class—but the loveliness of some things in "Pericles" do make one exclaim aloud in the reading. "Pericles" alone might almost justify pot-boiling and commercialism! I had rather have it than all the literature of all the men of talent—and they are many, truly—who are writing to-day. Pericles is the happy warrior whom every man-at-arms should wish to be.

The crass competition of individualism, the struggle of a man to succeed for himself and his family, and to beat his rivals in the market, is thought to brutalise and vulgarise the competitors—that is the idea of those Socialists or Collectivists who honestly hate the system. They say it is largely a waste of life; that many of the good men go down before it; that it does not produce really the best results in work. Did it affect Shakespeare in this way? Would Shakespeare have done greater work had he been provided for by a Socialist or Collectivist system, under which neither he nor Walter Scott would have had to establish a position or make the fortunes of their house secure? The answer is that Shakespeare—and the same applies to Scott—was not in the least degree debauched, brutalised, vulgarised by the stark struggle of individualism—by commercialism. Shakespeare's work all through proves to me absolutely that he, at any rate, did not suffer in head or heart by commercialism. Browning said a man had two sides to his soul, and it is certain that a man can live and think in two

worlds, one the hard-striving, hard-practising, everyday workaday world of this individualism or commercialism, the other the spiritual world of high imagining. Not Shakespeare only, but countless and unknown men and women, successful and unsuccessful alike, have lived in these two distinct worlds. We see Shakespeare all through his working life moving and living in the two worlds. It is not seriously disputed—it seems, indeed, indisputable—that Shakespeare was a practical man, a money-making and saving man, a wise man in business. Walton asked for "Health, a competency, and leave to go a-fishing": Shakespeare, it is clear, strove for at least the "competency" of Walton—with perhaps a trifle more. The very Wills of both men point to them as wise and practical, men who had worked well and minded their business. But their writings prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that in doing so they never lost their sense of proportion: they knew of what little avail these carnal necessities are to a man if the infinitely higher and deeper things are overlooked in life. In play after play we find Shakespeare intent on the higher and deeper. Shakespeare himself all through his strife for fortune is in hundreds of lines and speeches that touch the eternal truths and make our necessary strivings and ambitions appear in their right perspective as small enough in comparison. Now Shakespeare is Richard II., now he is Hamlet—Hamlet is out and out intensely Shakespeare at one time in his life—whilst at or near the close he is clearly seen in Prospero. What "The Tempest" means I do not know—only this, that it means vastly more than a goblin or fairy story. But in Prospero's last words one finds Shakespeare himself without disguise. He has done with it all: the book no longer matters—deeper than plummet ever sounded, it may, for what he cares, be buried now. Prospero's words about the ending of our revels and about the snow-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces touch us in some degree through their beauty of expression; but they move us far more as coming from the most consummate of men near the close of his wonderful striving career. A lifetime of hard experience and deep thought is in them. They are thought-heavy if any words in or out of Shakespeare's works are so, and they are original: that the same observation about the end of it all had been made by thousands of men before Shakespeare does not take away in the least from the depth of the thought or from the originality in Shakespeare: for Shakespeare discovered the truth independently of all others and by dwelling long and earnestly on the riddle of life.

Wherever I read in Shakespeare's god-like book I have full evidence, I have the certainty, that the system of commercialism, of individualism, under which he lived and strove, harmed neither the man nor his work. He worked for gain, not glory, as Pope said, but not the less for that the result has been the gain and glory of mankind.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S COURAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Leonards-on-Sea,

6 July 1914.

SIR,—The timely and magnificent tribute you have paid to Mr. Chamberlain will find, I feel sure, an echo in every heart throughout the British Empire. You have done well to single out his great quality of courage. Rare as are such attributes as the high purpose and the "vision splendid" of the great statesman whom we all mourn to-day, the courage of a Chatham or a Chamberlain is still, perhaps, the rarest of all political virtues.

May I be allowed to lay upon his grave a small tribute from Ireland? He bore unflinchingly for many years much undeserved obloquy from many of Ireland's representatives in Parliament; for who can now deny that he saved Ireland from disaster twenty years ago? Time alone can measure Ireland's debt to Chamberlain. If Home Rule comes and if, in its final form it proves—as, if it does come

I hope with all my heart it will prove—an unmixed blessing, the debt will still be great. For it is true to say of him, more than of any other man, that he saved Ireland from the disastrous Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893; which all men, including those who then reviled him, now admit would, if passed, have plunged Ireland into an abyss of misery and ruin. He saw the Empire steadily and saw it whole; and it was, no doubt, his Imperial instinct which impelled him to uphold the Union and resist Home Rule so resolutely. But who can ever say that he was wrong or that he did Ireland wrong; or that he did not render her, indeed, great service? He had great sympathy with Ireland and even with many Nationalist aspirations. But with him the Empire came always first; and his wide outlook and great political foresight told him that Pitt was right and that the Union was as essential for England's safety as it was for Ireland's prosperity.

His death must have irresistibly recalled to many minds the line in Tennyson's Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington:

"The last great Englishman is low".

It seems as true now as it did then. It was his own will, and it is perhaps only fitting, that he should be laid to rest in Birmingham, which he served so nobly as a citizen before he served the Empire more nobly still as a statesman. There must, still, be widespread regret that the Abbey which received the mortal remains of the great Duke should not also receive those of the great Commoner. But it matters little after all. There as here, in his beloved Birmingham, as "in streaming London's central roar" at Westminster, he will lie in the earth he loved and amongst the people he worked and died for.

"Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

T. A. CREGAN (Col.).

ULSTER AND SWITZERLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11, Via Vittoria Colonna, Roma,

5 July 1914.

SIR,—At the present moment the problem of so dividing Ulster that some portions of it may include all Protestants and no Catholics, and other portions all Catholics and no Protestants, is exercising the brains and the ingenuity of journalists and statesmen. May I call attention to what, I believe, was done in Switzerland when a similar difficulty presented itself? My authority for what I say is merely hearsay, but Mr. Coolidge, or some similar authority, may be able to confirm or correct my statements by historical evidence. I have been told that the Canton of Appenzell was once occupied by Protestants and Catholics who did not get on together, and agreed to separate. The Catholics concentrated in the centre, and the Protestants formed a ring outside them, which are now known as the Inner and Outer Rhodes, having as their respective capitals Appenzell and Herisau. They thus form two communities which may be conveniently contrasted with each other. Protestants may admire the wealth and prosperity of the outer ring, Catholics the simplicity and beauty of the inner core, the piety and courtesy of its peasants. I have also been told, on good authority, that the Valois was once similarly situated, holding about an equal number of each religion, who quarrelled with each other. They determined to separate, and to take a vote by which the minority was to remove into the Pays de Vaud and the majority to remain where they were. The Protestants, said my friend, were more numerous, but the Catholics were better organised and so won in the contest. The Valois still remains the most Catholic of all the Swiss cantons, and the Pays de Vaud is considered to be one of the most prosperous. If there is no lesson to be derived from these facts, supposing them to be facts, the analogy, if it has an historical basis, is at least interesting.

Yours faithfully,
OSCAR BROWNING.

THE EXCLUSION OF ALL ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Limavady, Co. Derry,

4 July 1914.

SIR,—Those who suggest that anything less than the exclusion of all Ulster will prevent civil war in Ireland overlook one important point. When the Ulster Covenant was signed loyal minorities in Donegal and elsewhere pledged themselves not to submit to a Parliament in Dublin imposed on them by the present conspiracy. They did so relying on the good faith of the whole body of Ulster loyalists who signed with them.

If less than the exclusion of the whole province were to be accepted it would be a shameful betrayal of these minorities. They would feel that we of the excluded area, having led them to sign this solemn promise, had then basely deserted them. Only by emigration will they be able to retain their honour. None of our leaders here would countenance such a betrayal. And the man who would suggest it would at once be repudiated by the whole body of Ulster Unionists and could never regain their confidence.

I am, yours etc.,

R. G. S. KING.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springhill, Clarkston, Glasgow,

20 June 1914.

SIR,—Alone amongst Chancellors of the Exchequer within my memory (which extends over forty years) Mr. Lloyd George, in his Budget speeches, gives no details of dealings with the National Debt during the year which it is his business to review. Last year he confined himself to prognostication thus:

"Take the net dead-weight debt we have already paid off; take the amount by which we have reduced 'Other Capital Liabilities' bearing interest—I am leaving telephones out—take the sum we have in hand now for the reduction of the debt; take the money we have provided in the Budget of this year which will be applied to the payment of debt. In the absence of any unforeseen circumstances, by this time next year we shall have reduced the national indebtedness by the sum of £102,000,000."

He claimed to exclude the telephones from "Other Capital Liabilities" as being a commercial asset producing a profit. You allowed me to comment on this statement in your issue of 17 May 1913; and I may mention, by the way, that it was repeated with improvements by a number of Mr. George's colleagues (Messrs. Churchill, McKenna, and Munro, if I remember rightly). Their version of the story was that the 102 millions had already been redeemed. He himself in the present year's statement (4 May) again eschewed details, merely stating that 104 millions was the ascertained figure.

State Paper [Cd. 7426], which was issued early this month, enables us to bring Mr. George's assertions to the test. The three items in the order of Mr. George's enumeration—say, reduction of dead-weight debt, reduction of "Other Capital Liabilities" excluding telephone debt, and money in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners—are £91,949,886, minus £1,135,757 (an increase, whereas there was a diminution last year when Mr. George was speaking), and £5,164,013. The last-mentioned sum, as I said in my letter printed by you on 17 May last year with respect to the money which was then in the same position, must be diminished by £1,004,535 taken over by the present Government from their predecessors. The grand total is thus £94,973,607.

Now, here is a wonderful thing. The quality of Mr. George's assertion depends on the amount of the telephone debt. Well, simultaneously with the opening of the Budget Mr. Montagu laid before the House of Commons White Paper No. 211, in which it is stated that a sum of £4,319,000 had been borrowed and issued in the year 1913-14 under the Telephone Transfer Act 1911. From the completed accounts as given in [Cd. 7426] it appears that this was a mistake—that the bulk of the money (£3,700,000) came under the Telegraph Acts. What it is precisely that differentiates

telephones from telegraphs in the computation of liabilities it is difficult to see, except it be that the money for the former all belongs to the Lloyd George period, and for the latter (if we eliminate this £3,700,000) mainly to that of his predecessors. Mr. Montagu's mistake gave a somewhat improved colour to his chief's statement. To make it accord with the facts, however, increase in the telegraph debt for the whole period must be excluded equally with telephone debt; and this, I have little doubt, is the manner in which Mr. George obtained his figures. Exclusion of the said increase brings the total of debt reduction in the eight years to 101 millions, and the million taken over from the Unionist Government (invariably reckoned by Mr. George to his own credit) makes up the 102 of his forecast. Last year's surplus (£750,000) and other abnormally large windfalls applicable to debt redemption account for the difference in last year's and this year's statements.

Mr. George's boastings about debt redemption take a farcical character in view of concomitant circumstances. Increase of expenditure for one year, as announced in the Budget speech, is roughly equal in capital value to the whole national debt; and whilst the national debt, so-called, has been reduced, other debt which is just as real, such as our responsibility for the Savings Banks' deficiency, has grown with equal rapidity.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN GOVAN,

Fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries
in Scotland.MEMORIAL TO GENERAL THE RIGHT HON.
SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 July 1914.

SIR,—Will you kindly make known that the fund for the above memorial has now been started, and an influential committee appointed for its administration. It is considered, in view of the very wide character of Sir Henry Brackenbury's work and attainments, that the memorial should be fully representative of his many friends and admirers, and not limited to officers of the Royal Artillery and Army generally. Subscriptions are now invited, and should be paid to the Hon. Secretary, Colonel J. R. J. Jocelyn, c/o Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, S.W. The committee desire to point out that until it is known approximately what is the amount subscribed it is not possible to state the form which the memorial will take.

Yours faithfully,

METHUEN.

MILITANT OUTRAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brailes, Warwickshire,

1 July 1914.

SIR,—A recent correspondent in the SATURDAY REVIEW speaks of the militants as "a mere handful"; but why should we separate the women who actually commit the acts of desecration and arson from their passive sympathisers in the various Suffrage societies other than the W.S.P.U.—from the members of the Church League, for instance (a league which refuses to condemn any methods employed to secure the enfranchisement of women), or from the members of the New Constitutional Society for Woman's Suffrage (who applauded the Rani of Sarawak when at a recent meeting she spoke of the militants as "the noble and devoted women who think nothing too perilous or dangerous to gain the end we have in view")?

People speak as if militancy were simply an excrescence on the Suffrage movement, instead of seeing in it the acute development of those qualities in the female character which unfit woman for the responsibilities of political power. I venture to suggest that there is no wide dividing line between the Suffragist who writes to the "Times" quoting an imaginary letter from her friend as a real one and the Suffragette who charges the police with causing by rough usage at a Suffrage meeting the death of a man who is all

the time alive and in Canada; nor any difference in principle between the Constitutional Society, which subscribes to the funds and pledges its members to work for the candidates of a party opposed to them on every other political question, and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, who from among the supporters of that same party enrolls her army to resist the officers of the law. And, again, the difference is only one of degree between the Suffragist who withholds all subscriptions and withdraws from all Church work in order to rouse the clergy to support the claim for Woman's Suffrage, and the Suffragette who interrupts the public worship and burns down the churches. All these show in varying degree the emotional impulsiveness which so often dims the sense of honour in women—the want of logic and balance of mind which prevents the generality of women from seeing any other side than their own to a question—the faulty sense of proportion which causes their own particular project to dwarf other equally or even more important matters. We are sometimes told that modern education is eradicating these defects and obliterating the difference between man's and woman's mind. If this is so, is there not the greatest danger that, in her anxiety to acquire these fresh qualities of mind, woman is crowding out just those gifts of intellect and character which give her her pre-eminent position for influencing the world for good? For is it not the fact that it is the difference in mental qualities between men and women which gives them their great influence one on the other; and that therefore the modern woman, in her efforts to prove herself suited for an active share in government, is changing the ideal of womanhood, and, far from enriching the State, is robbing it of one of its greatest assets?

Yours faithfully,
ELEANOR BALL.

SALMON AND THE TEST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

53, Iverna Court, Kensington, W.,

1 July 1914.

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest an article in your issue of 30 May, in which the writer describes a day spent at Timsbury, near Romsey, in the lower part of the River Test. He has apparently formed his judgment of the whole river from this one visit; but had he been able to see the upper and middle portions it is probable that his entire attitude of mind would have changed. The Test is at present the best trout stream in England and is not a salmon river in any sense of the word. The writer of the article compares it with rivers in Ireland, with all of which I have a passing acquaintance and three of which I have fished. The beats of these rivers, which I know, would not appear to have one characteristic in common with the Test, nor can any one of them, in my opinion, claim any resemblance to a chalk stream, of which the Test is the accepted type. Your correspondent speaks of its being the only river in which salmon are not welcome. Is the reason for this far to seek? None of the riparian owners look forward with any pleasure to seeing their beautiful stretches of weedy, gin-clear water teeming with parr and smolt and cumbered with hungry kelt. I had almost expected that the old argument of the Don would be quoted—the river which is often held up to us as being equally good both for salmon and trout. When at Inverness last spring, I was told on unimpeachable authority that since the salmon have been afforded greater facilities for coming up the river the trout-fishing has steadily and seriously deteriorated. This is only hearsay evidence, but the facts can be readily verified.

Nothing short of an earthquake would make a salmon river of the Test, and I pray that such a cataclysm may not take place; also that those who, I venture to think, act and write in impulsive and mistaken kindness may not succeed in luring the salmon from their present quarters into singularly unsuitable surroundings, where their advent will be bitterly resented.

Yours faithfully,
DESMOND O'CALLAGHAN,
Major-General, R.A.

"OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—An Oxford man myself, I am son and father of Cambridge men, and, therefore—to speak Irish fashion—am not prejudiced against Cambridge, though prejudiced in favour of Oxford. But your heading reminds me of the question, still unanswered, which I always put to champions of Cambridge: Why does the world invariably use the order Oxford and Cambridge? Indeed, it is not English to say Cambridge and Oxford.

I am, etc.,
EXETER COLLEGE.

BORROW HOUSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Public Library, Norwich,

8 July 1914.

SIR,—On the occasion of the George Borrow celebration in Norwich last year, the house in which Borrow resided with his parents when in Norwich was acquired by Mr. A. M. Samuel (then Lord Mayor of Norwich) and generously presented by him to the Norwich Corporation with the view of its being maintained as a Borrow Museum. The Norwich Public Library Committee has just undertaken to collaborate in the development of the literary side of the museum, and would therefore gladly welcome donations or information respecting the whereabouts of any Borrow letters and manuscripts, engravings or photographs of Borrow's friends and places described in his works, and other items of Borrowian interest.

Donations or information should be sent to
Yours faithfully,
GEO. A. STEPHEN,
City Librarian.

VILLAGE WORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Finborough Hall, Suffolk,

3 July 1914.

SIR,—The recent letters in the SATURDAY REVIEW on Suffolk words are interesting to us natives, but the lists are very incomplete. As one who was born and bred in the heart of the county I could give many pages of the old words which survive and are still in use among the men at work here; and though the school boards are teaching the children to leave off curtsying, and to drop their H's, the word which Mr. H. Smith gives as "anser" is hereabouts "hahnser", being a corruption of heronshaw or heron (*cf.*, "I know a hawk from a handsaw"—Shakespeare). Besides, "snew", which is the old strong perfect of to snow, we still use "hew" for hoed, "mew" for mowed, and "shew" for showed. "Mees" (which is old Saxon *mēs*) for mice; and besides "housen" for houses we still say "nazen" or "nasen" for nests. To "duller" (doulour) is to howl or moan. Instead of grudge we say "grutch" (grucche, Chaucer). About here we should not say a "head great rat", but a "master great rat".

I demur to Mr. Ball's "old" or "ald" for bullfinch, as it is invariably called an "olf"; and a long-tailed fit is called, in central Suffolk, a "pudden poke", "poke" being always used for bag (*cf.*, pouch, pocket).

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES PETTIWARD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 July 1914.

SIR,—I have remembered a few more curious words and expressions. In Cumberland damp and drizzling weather is said "to douk", and such a day is said to be a "douking day". Anything sticky is said to be "clahy". In Northumberland, when the roads are muddy, a countryman

will give you a nod and say: "It's varra clahly". In Wiltshire a narrow passage between two houses is called a "drong" (German, dringen—to compress, to squeeze).

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
M. W.

A BIRD IDYLL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The following incident in bird-life may interest some of your readers. On the afternoon of 1st May, as we were driving along the road leading from Ewell to Banstead station, between extensive wheat fields, we came upon a pair of plovers flying and circling round from the fields on the left, across the road to those on the right, and back again, "mewing" loudly. It was obvious that they had a nest of young ones not far off, and we were very unwelcome intruders. We alighted to walk up the hill, and I called to them, imitating their cry, whereupon one of the birds answered, and I called again, and several times in succession, the bird answering each time, and flying nearer and nearer to us, once so close as almost to touch my head. He, or she, was obviously annoyed at my impertinence. Then a third plover joined them, and all three flew about together, calling loudly.

It was late when we returned along the road, and as we drove downhill, on nearing the spot where the plovers had been, the coachman gently reined up and pointed with his whip to the field on our right. There, not ten yards from the road, sat a plover, brooding her young! We got out of the carriage as quietly as we could, but she rose, and three little tortoiseshell-coloured balls of soft downy plumage appeared from under her, and began running about in the young wheat. I ventured very cautiously a few feet on to the field to see them better, but the mother-bird called (a different note from the usual plover's cry), and off they scuttled in different directions as fast as their little legs could carry them. The mother-bird sat down at a little distance in the field, spread her wings, and called to them, her mate flying round, "mewing" as if to "gather" them, as a sheep-dog gathers the sheep. But the little balls were off, playing truant, and though we waited awhile we did not see them return to her. Suddenly she rose and flew on a little further, probably nearer to them, and, sitting down as before, called several times, the father-bird wheeling round and round. No doubt they were glad to run to the mother before long, as the sun was setting, and the air was cold. The last sight we had of her was as of a brooding hen with outstretched wings, and calling, till the sound died away over the crest of the hill.

Your obedient servant,
KATHARINE CURREY.

SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Andrews, Oatlands Drive, Weybridge,
6 July 1914.

SIR,—I wonder if the hunger-striking ladies have taken their inspiration from Shakespeare:

Proculeius: O, temperance, lady!

Cleopatra: Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll
ruin,

Do Caesar what he can.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V., Scene 2.

Shakespeare has provided for everything.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
FREDERICK J. CROWDER.

The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

SINGER AND SAINT.

"The Religious Poems of Richard Crashaw." With an Introductory Study by R. A. Eric Shepherd. Herder. 1s. net.

CHARITY towards craziness, frenzy, "fine madness" (call it what you will), is needful if one is to do justice to the admirable Crashaw. Never were more bewildering caperings performed by Cytherean or Bacchic bard than those of this saintly writer in the raptures of piety. Never was there a poet with less knowledge of literary propriety or with less apprehension of the power of the comic to commit unpunishable sacrilege. One cannot chide a child for giggling when a too-careful lay-reader gasps out, passionately solemn at the lectern, "Hi ham 'E"; and one cannot chide Crashaw's reader for a wry amusement at the deliberate freaks of his metaphormania. It is difficult to realise that a man of high talent, acquainted with several languages, became so infatuated with the resemblance of blood streaming down a body to a coloured ribbon that he could speak of "the purple wardrobe" of his Saviour's side; it is not easy to believe that, to a man of such culture, Mary Magdalene's eyes appeared like "two walking baths" following that Saviour "among the Galilean mountains". Crashaw, however, committed these literary mistakes, and was undoubtedly a poet worthy of renown.

His mistakes result from an abnormal spirituality, thinking not only to present or extol the beauties of ideas, but to sublimate materials that refuse to be dissociated from their natural setting. These mistakes do not prevent an intelligent reader from witnessing an important and impressive phenomenon—a singer enthralled by supersensual ideals and ecstatically regardless of the world-effacing paces of humility, contrition, compassion, and self-sacrifice. Song at once voluble and intense springs out of Crashaw's religious feeling, and it is song which, in the present state of art, we would not feel justified in ignoring even if we inclined to Nietzsche's opinion of Christianity. Hence though, thanks to the loving labours of Mr. J. R. Tutin, the edition of Crashaw's religious poems now before us is not, perhaps, indispensable, it deserves a kindly welcome. Mr. Shepherd's introduction is an informing piece of writing which rises above bald fact and stereotyped praise. We cannot approve, however, of the exclusion of "Epigrammata Sacra", which appeared to Dr. George MacDonald the most valuable of Crashaw's verses, though we rate Crashaw's achievements in his own tongue too highly to endorse that opinion.

Although Crashaw's secular poems include the brilliant adaptation of a Latin original called "Music's Duel" and the famous "Wishes", his religious poems are his most representative work, and they have a function still to perform in an age when Christianity is so practical that temples, like hotels, divide the site allotted to the structure containing them with offices or shops which help to cover expenses. For Crashaw is a rhapsodist: he does not see things in the manner of practical folk. "Sweet name", he sings in his "Carmen Deo Nostro",

"in Thy each syllable
A thousand Blest Arabias dwell".

In this joyous valuation we have a note in harmony with spires that prick the sky—spires not to be seen in a world that pays for any one of its floating menaces four times what it spends on a cathedral.

In the poem from which we have quoted, pain is contributory to its jocundity. Crashaw declares that Christ's "old friends of fire" "gave glorious chase to persecutions", and of the slayers of the martyrs he asks Christ

"What did their weapons but with wider pores
Enlarge Thy flaming-breasted lovers
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire,
The heart that hides Thee hardly covers?"

Crashaw's Saint Teresa

"never undertook to know
What Death with Love should have to do;
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why to show love, she should shed blood . . .
Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is Death than Love".

Religious song so exultant and rhetorically excellent as Crashaw's has a value like what we ascribe to certain tenderly noble battle marches such as that which the Germans call "Regiments-Colonne". It offers neither anæsthetic nor anodyne to Christ's soldiers, but it is a reminder of a spiritual life invulnerable to bullets, but vulnerable to fear; it is a reminder that that life has nerves percipient of pleasure, that it can bear "intolerable joys" and appreciate

"a death in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again
And would for ever so be slain".

The spiritual idealist may, in the lofty detachment of his opinion from questions of pity or doloriferous economy, desire that the soul should mount through the pain it most loathes, uncaressed and unbribed by love, to the freedom of absolute self-satisfaction; but man, as we know him, even if he be more than the "hyperbolised nothing" of Crashaw's verse, needs, as it were, an artist to stage-manage the narrow way. It is due to Crashaw to say that no ordinary repudiation of dogma can nullify the celestial wiliness of his verse, though, like an enthusiastic Roman Catholic, he thinks fit to tell us that the Saviour

"cannot come
Less than whole Christ in every crumb"

of sacramental bread.

The lightest verse of Crashaw is the production of a flatterer, and even that lacks levity. Probably the truth was never less venerated than to-day; the idle or artful taradiddle was perhaps never in circulation more abundantly, and yet it is a curious fact that only our poetical indulgence in the metrical adulation which ignores the real and invents the ideal. Note the vision of seventeenth-century Crashaw as he looks at Queen Henrietta Maria, who was kind to him:

"But stay; what glimpse was that? why blusht the Day?
Why ran the startled air trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in rays that scorn
Acquaintance with the Sun? what second morn
At midday opes a presence which Heaven's eye
Stands off and points at? Is't some deity
Stept from her throne of stars, deigns to be seen?
Is it some deity? or is't our queen?
'Tis she, 'tis she: her awful beauties chase
The Day's abashed glories." . . .

One cannot see the poet writing the address whence these lines were quoted; one fancies he was under the spell of rank; and that he would have confessed that the hereditary rulers of his "hyperbolised nothings" were Somebodies. In a matter of self-interest we know that he was unswervingly sincere, for he lost his Cambridge Fellowship for refusing to subscribe to the Covenant in 1644.

Few poets would contend that their art is for candid and simple communication. It is particularly an art of verbal melody, and not unusually an art of metaphor and simile or of pretty periphrasis. Hence the rarity of undisguised pathos in verse and the frequent occurrence in verse of the half-meant and of accidental insincerities. Crashaw does not avoid the imputation of adding to the pomp of his utterance at the expense of naturalness.

"Sententious showers, O let them fall
Their cadence is rhetorical,"

he exclaims in one of his elegies, and some of his fellow-mourners must have found it hard to weep when he thus pleaded for their tears. Yet it was Crashaw who, while fantastically trifling with conceits, blundered into the haunting pathos of the prophecy,

"Not 'so long she lived'
Shall thy tomb report of thee,
But 'so long she grieved'".

The merits of Crashaw deserve that we should speak of them in our closing sentences. He had a gift of oratorical song, not unworthy of the nightingale whose soul is

"so pour'd
Into loose ecstasies that she is placed
Above herself, Music's Enthusiast".

Crashaw knew how to make glowing phrases and crystallise great thoughts. He it is who speaks of "the deep hypocrisy of Death and Night", and tells us that "Gods, where'er they go, Bring their Heaven with them". It was he who said that

"in Love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound".

It was he who with magnificent arrogance said, "Hope walks and kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars".

There is reason to think that Milton owed one or two small jewels of speech to Crashaw. It matters not, Crashaw's verse being still alive in his own books.

THE PASSING OF THE SUBURBS.

"From an Islington Window." By M. Betham-Edwards. Smith, Elder. 6s.

BY these stories and sketches we are made to think of the passing of the suburbs. Nothing seems to be left of the Islington of which Miss Betham-Edwards writes, and even if we were to go some miles farther from Charing Cross we should find the same changes in character if not always in appearance. Her book is full of gossip about old-time neighbours. In those days one had an acquaintance with the street in which one lived, sometimes actually a friendship. John Gilpin knew that for him to dine without his wife at Islington would be something in the nature of a public scandal. Nowadays we are perfectly aware that the people next door do not know our names, do not wish to know them, and have not the slightest curiosity about our business. Time is lacking alike for enmity or friendship. Barking dogs and noisy pianos are almost the only possible causes of friction between one semi-detached house and another. Human interest has departed from suburban life.

Of course there is both gain and loss in all this. Freedom and solitude have come together, but it is distinctly fascinating to read of a time when the critic at the window watched the comedy on the door-step, and gave all that attention to living issues which we must to-day reserve for mimicry. Mean streets there still are where low language expresses natural sentiment across low palings and the week's washing reveals its inevitable tale, domestic and intimate, but it is not of such that Miss Betham-Edwards writes. Her people are mostly models of that gentility which was once as much prized as it is now condemned. It has not been the author's object to make us actually familiar with them, and perhaps she knows that nothing could make us really familiar with their generation. We see them as she herself saw them, in fitful glimpses which have the piquancy of unfinished stories to which, maybe, we add our own endings. Fancy is free to play here with all those portions of their lives that no window could command; yet we seem to have read deep into their characters.

The tale of the ragged stranger who was served with broken meat at the Browns' door is essentially dramatic. We know him in the end as a prodigal son, but it is left for us to make the list of his offences and to sketch a future for him when he disappears at last. We are not even told whether to sympathise with him or the good people at home whom he molested. This, however, is just as it should be. The whole point and joy of neighbours' gossip is conjecture and uncertainty. But the most moving story in the book is that of Mr.

Arthur and Miss Maria, whose lifelong courtship was the romance of the street in which the fading spinster lived. It is not revealed of what stuff their love was made, but there is no doubt that it was of a genuine kind, though the recipe for it must have been lost long ago. There is no trace of passion in it, nor yet of that keen friendship which demands perpetual sympathy and support. They could meet for a few hours each week, neither demanding more nor, as time went on, wishing less. Simple as child's love it sounds, but it defies analysis.

Suburban life certainly had interests before the suburbs themselves became the mere dormitories of London's business houses. We cannot connect them now with any fragrance, but that is the very term we should like to use of this book. Miss Betham-Edwards delights us with her memories of a pleasant, leisured past that doubtless have grown the finer and the more delicate in the years of keeping. She gives us much that is "forgotten with the spring, that is forgotten by them that can forget".

NIETZSCHE.

"Friedrich Nietzsche." By George Brandes. Heinemann. 6s. net.

NIETZSCHE was ignored in his lifetime (we refer to the period up to 1889, when he became insane); but notoriety which must have satisfied even his morbid craving for recognition came to him during those last eleven years when, "still living, he was shut out from life". He has been the object of extravagant praise; he has been execrated as a Jewish prophet might have been execrated by the established religion whose moral values he was calling on the race to change.

At any rate Nietzsche is great both in the enthusiasm and in the hatred that he arouses. The avidity with which his books are read, even in England, the rapidity with which a knowledge of his philosophy has spread, are sure indications that "the lonesome one" is not so solitary as he himself thought, and that his ideas occupy no small place in the social consciousness. This is the more remarkable because he seems to be opposed to all that the twentieth century at present stands for. As Dr. Brandes says:

"He bewitched the age, though he seems opposed to all its instincts. The age is ultra-democratic; he won its favour as an aristocrat. The age is borne on a rising wave of religious reaction; he conquered with his pronounced irreligion. The age is struggling with social questions of the most difficult and far-reaching kind; he, the thinker of the age, left all these questions on one side as of secondary importance. . . : For all that, he must in some hidden way have been in accord with much that is fermenting in our time, otherwise it would not have adopted him as it has done".

There can be little doubt that what commends him to this age is that zest for life at first hand which he himself calls Dionysian. Nietzsche found, or thought he found, it characteristic of the people of his day that they were afraid of life; life was too large, too compelling, too coarse for them; passion was emasculated into correct emotion, vitality directed into "ordered channels", and all the time life, naked, dominating, immense, was waiting round the screen that they had put up between themselves and things as they really are. And so Apollo, who typifies the will-to-preserve, the Conservative element in life, is in constant collision with Dionysus, who typifies the will to renew, the creative element. It is this conception of vital force as the supreme thing in life which is the root principle of Nietzsche's philosophy; for the man who is most filled with this force, who is most Dionysian, is the man to be preserved, the man who should make morality—the superman.

Existing values have to be transvalued, present moralities have to be broken down; but Nietzsche is no mere anarchist: he is something more than a consuming flame. He hates mankind, especially

Germans; he hates democracy—democracy, indeed, he characterises somewhere as "one flock and no shepherd"—but his hatred of what is has been gained from a vision of what might be. "Full is the earth of the superfluous: marred is life by the far-too-many"; and it is this superfluity of the mediocre that is responsible for all the muddle of civilisation. His interpretation of Darwinism is trenchant. Most people believe that the "fittest" in the struggle for existence will somehow ultimately prove to be the "best"; that the mere survival of an organism proves its right to survive; and that this fact of survival is a guarantee of the essential goodness, fitness, and capacity of the survivor. For, of course, everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. But, says Nietzsche, given a degenerate, mean, and base environment, then the fittest to survive will be the man who is best adapted to meanness and baseness. Given a community of parasites, then the flattest, the slimiest, and the softest will be the fittest to survive. That is why he is for ever crying, "Transvalue your values"; that is why he urges men to get outside their environment, to detach themselves, and to see whether their values are mean and parasitic, or values which will mould and rear a race of clear-eyed men and women, whose comeliness of form and whose intellectual vigour would make even Nietzsche himself glad to be numbered amongst them. "What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal", and the business of humanity—or rather, the only way in which humanity can justify its existence at all—lies in "working unceasingly for the production of solitary great men". It took only a hundred men, he says somewhere, to bring in the Renaissance, and he appeals to the great minds of the earth—the lonely ones, he calls them—to lead men and so to justify their claim to greatness. Freedom of thought exists, nominally at any rate, in Europe to-day, but freedom of action is quite another thing. One may think in all sorts of different ways, but the heretic thinker who follows his thought by heretic action is a nuisance to society.

And so we are faced with the strange spectacle of Nietzsche, whose hatred of mankind is equalled only by his hatred of Christianity; Nietzsche the "immoralist who is never tired of preaching"; Nietzsche, who dismisses all Christian experience as the nightmare of an animal for whom parasitism is a biological need, and all Christian morality as an artifice whereby those who are poor in blood and slavish in spirit may acquire power; Nietzsche, preaching the Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice. "Ready must thou be to burn in thine own flame."

The strength, then, of the Nietzschean position is to be found in its lust for life and for first-hand experience; the challenge to throw off the yoke of tradition and to regard man as a battery of accumulated forces seeking to discharge its strength is peculiarly alluring to a generation that grows restive under the slightest touch of authority. The passionate pleading for an aristocratic ideal comes with irresistible force to men who feel that the world is in the grip of the second-rate, and that the "stupid world" against which Goethe raged is acquiring more and more power. The man of genius is remembered by posterity when the generation that flouted him is forgotten: organise mankind, then, cries Nietzsche, so as to produce the greatest number of geniuses.

The weakness of the position lies in the fact that Nietzsche is a poet rather than a psychologist. His lyrical quality gains him sympathy and attention amongst those whom, as a philosopher, he revolts. The clearness of his insight enables him to pounce upon a truth and make of it not a truism but an epigram, as where he says: "A man who seriously abandoned himself to sympathy with the misery he found about him would simply be destroyed by it". But these very qualities tend to place reason and balance and impartiality amongst those "static" qualities which he derides, and as a result we get a caricature of Christianity which stings us even while it may disgust, and a wholesale condemnation of the

intellectual and spiritual experience of precedent generations. The student of social psychology knows that he cannot ignore the past, more especially when he most desires to do so; he knows, too, that the race would never will the production of those eugenic vampires whom the Nietzschean wishes to see enthroned in the judgment places of the earth.

"Questions of right and wrong", writes Dr. Brandes, "are seldom applicable in the highest intellectual spheres, and their answering is not unfrequently of relatively small importance. The first lines I wrote about Nietzsche were therefore to the effect that he deserved to be studied and contested. I rejoiced in him, as I rejoice in every powerful and uncommon individuality." And again: "We are not children in search of instruction, but sceptics in search of men".

This volume can therefore be heartily recommended to our readers. They will gain a clear idea of the main elements of Nietzsche's philosophy, presented by a critic whose impartiality is unquestioned even while his sympathies may be affected. We call attention particularly to the letters, here reproduced, which passed between Brandes and Nietzsche, letters which reveal the personalities of both men in their intimate and unguarded moments, and consequently tell us more than a shelf of formal biographies.

WHAT FREUDISM IS.

"Psychopathology of Everyday Life." By Sigmund Freud. Translated with Introduction by A. A. Brill. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

HYPNOTISM, when practised by medical specialists, is now an orthodox form of treatment for "nerve" complaints. The principle of it is to suggest to the patient some idea antagonistic to a morbid idea. The method is to produce the hypnotic state in order to bring the nervous system into a favourable condition for receiving the suggestion.

A rival method has been much heard of recently. Dr. Sigmund Freud, its originator, is Professor of the Pathology of the Nerves in the University of Vienna, and the author of the present book. He has given it the name of psycho-analysis, and Freudists are now practising it widely in Europe and America.

As Professor Freud's method is intended to supersede hypnotism, which was in prior possession, Freudism has had to fight hard for acceptance. The stage of compromise has, however, been reached. Other psychologists are not now so much anti-Freudists as incomplete Freudists. They admit there is "a good deal in it", but do not admit that in every case of nervous complaint Professor Freud's method will supersede hypnotism.

The new method of psycho-analysis does not, like hypnotism, seek to antagonise the morbid idea, but to discover it, and to disclose its origin and bearings to the patient. This explanation is the cure itself. It is as if a wise mediator removed the estrangement of two friends by accounting for their misunderstanding.

But besides this new method another novel feature in Freudism is a general theory as to the causation of those nervous complaints for which either hypnotism or psycho-analysis is a suitable treatment. This, briefly, is that there is always some unconscious repressive motive which hinders normal action and gives rise to morbid activities. Hysteria, for example, which perhaps covers the greater number of nervous disorders, Freud explains as the oblique manifestation of a thwarted desire.

The interest of this book is that it applies Freudism, or psycho-analysis, to the faulty actions, the mistakes of commission and omission of the everyday life of the ordinary man who is not more morbid or neurotic than this individual usually is. Forgetting names and words, mistakes in speech, in reading and writing, forgetting impressions and resolutions, actions that we call accidents and awkwardness, our superstitious beliefs may, in almost every instance, it is asserted,

if you know how to make the analysis, be shown to be under the determination of similar repressive, unconscious motives to those displayed in actual morbid manifestations. Freud does not for this reason, however, relegate us all to some portentously named special class of lunacy or neurasthenics. In this he shows a wisdom and restraint which have frequently been wanting in his brethren of the psycho-therapy fraternity.

To trace these obscure, unconscious motives the Freudian analyst examines his patient as to the incidents, often forgotten, of his childhood; he explores and interprets his dreams, for dreams bring the unsatisfied desires to light. One of Freud's books is on the "Interpretation of Dreams" as aids to the pursuit of his psychological inquiry. These investigations are remarkable for the shrewdness and acuteness displayed; their knowledge of secret motives of human character and experience; and we may best liken them to the higher class of detective story. One follows the unravelling of the patient's history, for the discovery of the hidden motive, as one follows the "Murder in the Rue Morgue" or "The Speckled Band".

Usually the many life histories narrated here are too lengthy, and too full of detail, to present in a short form, but the following may serve as an illustration and example:—

A "brilliant young woman" wishing to repeat a verse of Keats, could make nothing of it but the following, which she yet knew was wrong. The lines are the supposed first four of the "Ode to Apollo":

"In thy western house of gold,
Where thou livest in thy state,
Bards, that once sublimely told
Prosaic truths that came too late."

The correction of these very un-Keatsian lines is:

"In thy western halls of gold,
When thou sittest in thy state,
Bards, that erst sublimely told
Heroic deeds and sang of fate."

Dr. Brill, the translator of this book, records his discovery of the reason for the false rendering. He suggested to the lady that the poem had at first been memorised when she was in love. She then recalled that at eighteen, when she learned the lines, she fell in love with a young man who, it was predicted "would some day be a *matinée* idol". He was well built, fascinating, very clever, and—very fickle minded; so she was warned. Suddenly she heard that her Apollo had eloped with and married a very wealthy young woman. A few years later she heard that he was living in a Western city, where he was taking care of his father-in-law's interests.

The unconscious variations in the poem, it was explained to her, were the result of the painfully repressed emotions in the background. She had altered the lines to correspond with her disillusionment, and she could not recall the correct version when she was inclined to. The Western Halls of Apollo had become irretrievably a western business house in Chicago.

This book ought to do much to popularise the system of Freud in England, as it has done in Germany, where it has reached the fourth edition, which Dr. Brill has now translated. It opens up a most curious and fascinating new system of self-examination which everyone may set about without worrying himself as to the state of his own nerves. It confines itself to the theory of the operations of memory within the conditions of the average healthy man's life; and its revelations are as unexpected as they are often amusing in the disclosure of the unconscious motives by which we are influenced in important as well as in trivial actions. The novelty is at least as striking as Bergson's treatment of memory, and is more easily tested. At first sight there seems a contradiction between the absolute determination for the operations of memory in Freud,

and the anti-determinism of Bergson; but it is quite possible the contradiction is more apparent than real. There is more of the philosophical motive in Bergson than in Freud; but the practical bearing of aberrations of memory in everyday affairs may pique any man into amateur psychology. As to most of the numerous very frank personal experiences here given—there is quite an intimate disclosure of Freud's own personality—one is constrained to grant the inferences from the analyses, in spite of a desire to resist and be obstinate. But it is too much to believe that we never state any number, for whatever casual purpose, without some unconscious motive. It seems an unnecessarily extreme statement of the theory; and though the examples are ingeniously analysed—too ingeniously—scepticism is insistent.

THE DOWNFALL OF OLYMPUS.

"Roman Ideas of Deity." By W. Warde Fowler. Macmillan. 5s. net.

LARS PORSENA swore by the nine gods. But by the weary and sceptical time of Ovid the good old Italian divinities had become almost a joke, except that a pretence of belief had to be kept up for the sake of the lower orders and for fear of hurting the feelings of Augustus, who, as everyone knew, was descended from Venus. A shade of genuine feeling shows itself in the "Tristia", where the exiled poet says adieu for evermore to the temples which his eyes would never see again, to the gods of Quirinus' high city and the "numina vicinis habitantia sedibus", but there is no reality behind the tears. These very gods are next begged to intercede with "that heavenly man", the emperor. Conservative sentiment clung to the dead faith, and it was good for society to keep up the gifts of frankincense and wine at their altars. But, just as Voltaire declared that if there were no God it would be necessary to invent one, so Ovid writes:

"Expediit esse deos, et, ut expediit, esse putemus".

Even Cicero, "the last-born son of the old city-state", one who never abandoned the national worship in principle, had his doubts about the Olympians, whom the disintegrating acids of a self-conscious literature were dissolving into mountain smoke. Their names remain, it is true, down to Julian's time on altars and ex votos. And the old gods were long the theme of literary allusion and poetical fancy. But it was just that transformation into conventional piety and conventional poetry which made them seem so un-actual. A book like the "Metamorphoses", says Dr. Fowler, "happily destroyed for ever all chance of a resuscitation of polytheism among the educated classes". As easily might a modern Londoner believe in Father Thames, sculptured on the Embankment. A good example of the killing of the sense of reality by enshrinement in literature is Phœbus Apollo himself, who appears everywhere in Augustan verse as a mere synonym for poetry—even the sun-worship of the later empire failed to rehabilitate him. Yet Virgil's fourth Eclogue speaks of his reign as just beginning—"tuus jam regnat Apollo". Another example is Mars, whom Augustus tried to start on a new career as Mars Ultor, but who had come to stand merely for war and its spirit. High Jove alone among the jolly, simple-minded, and (especially in their vices) very human gods of old retained a reverence and awe, but it was as the symbol of a growing monotheism, looking up to a supreme deity in the overarching heaven. If an exception must be made to the poeticalising away of the ancient divinities, it is that of the oldest Roman deity, Vesta, the goddess of the home, on which the Roman State was built. Her revered name was never taken in vain as a mere synonym—that, remarks Dr. Fowler, was reserved for our match manufacturers to do. Her "religio" was the clean, pure worship of an idea which the ages were unable to corrupt or degrade—the morality of family life enlarged into the morality of State life, and representing, far more than any other cult, the reality and continuity of Roman religious

feeling. The simple duties of the vestal virgins preserved what Dr. Fowler calls this beautiful cult at all times from contamination.

The domestic worship, indeed, the patrii lares, preserved their sanctity, spirituality and hoar authority long after the gods of Olympus had become a frozen mythology. "The evergreen idea of guardian deities of the family, especially in the rural districts of Italy, kept alive the sense of a close relation of Man and God at the very roots of social life, day by day, through good fortune or ill." And the rustic divinities, the di agrestes, meant something still for gentle minds, for cultivated men like Tibullus, the Izaak Waltons of the first century, as well as for shepherd swains and lasses keeping some old traditional festival. Another antique conception slow in dying, because it gave a point of close contact between the familiar ordering of society and the unseen, was that of Genius. The sense, again, of a vast cosmic power lurks behind even the clashing atoms of Lucretius's materialism, though it were a power which went its awful way heedless of mankind, while the old Latin cult of Fortuna took new shape in an inscrutable, though not capricious, Destiny, guiding the changes and chances of this mortal life. The bewildering mutations and uncertainties of life in the last days of the Republic encouraged the thought of a veiled, incalculable deity, "rerum humanarum domina".

One other holdfast of human society, however, other than the fashionable mystery religions which were being imported from the East, was that strange phenomenon, the Cæsar-worship. Extravagant in the eastern part of the empire, it was kept within bounds at Rome by the practical and non-theological Italian spirit. At Rome the worship of the Man in power was conventionalised into a worship of the Man who had been in power, and no emperor was counted actually "divus" while he lived. The age was one which demanded and found saviours of society; the emperor-worship acclaimed the strong, unscrupulous Superman. It also had affinities with the modern cult of Humanity: human nature was capable of godhead, not—as Christianity proclaimed—by the entry of God into human conditions, the taking of manhood into God, but by its own grandeur and popular canonisation. Cæsarism was a reaction from the Stoics' vague, impersonal pantheism. It also denied the Epicurean view of heaven as unconcerned with the affairs of men. It supplied a new basis for Church and State, a bond for the dissolving social system. Dr. Fowler says that we are gradually shedding the old delusion, which he himself as a college tutor used to share, that there must be something vulgar or degrading in such man-worship. Surely that depends. The mediæval awe of the divinity that doth hedge a king, anointed of God; the knightly devotion of a Table Round to an Arthur, who

"Bound them by so strait vows to his own self
That when they rose, knighted, from kneeling some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flushed and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light";

the cavalier passion of a Montrose for his lawful and suffering prince; the very forms of almost super-human reverence with which monarchy is even still surrounded—these things are elevating and noble. But had the deification of a Caligula or a Herod anything in common with such austere and Gothic chivalries? It recalls rather to our minds the apotheosis of some sprawling monarch in a ceiling by Verrio or Rubens, or the adulation of courtiers round the mistress of a Roi Soleil. In the sense that these things were sincere—and it would be foolish to regard a past fashion as mere hypocrisy—the Cæsar-cult may be acquitted of insincerity. But to the Christian apocalypticist it was the mark and number of the Beast, red-footed in the blood of the saints, and setting up his own worship in the holy place.

Is it not with relief that we turn back from this unnatural homage to brute Force—deriving no sacro-

sanctity, like the old Homeric kingship, from heaven-descended right, but simply the representative of the popular or military will—to the happy, primitive Ionian gods and goddesses of fountain and wood, of valley and hill—"pagan, we regret to say", and yet, even during the reign of the saints, their effigies were allowed to remain in the gardens of Whitehall? Possibly their private lives and codes of conduct did not bear much looking into when the higher critics of later Italy came on the scene. But they belonged to the fresh boyhood of the world, "when all the trees were green".

CRYPT AND CLOISTER.

"The Secrets of a Great Cathedral." By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence-Jones, M.A., D.D., Dean of Gloucester. Dent. 2s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

JULIET said there was no virtue in a name. But the title of a book counts. Its choice cannot be lightly undertaken. Like Mr. Puff's stage clock, "it begets an awful attention in the audience", and a book's title may be its best friend. There are volumes in our shelves whose names are as empty and inept as the names of our race-horses—or suburban streets. They proclaim nothing. Dr. Spence-Jones has chosen well, for the title is sufficiently suggestive to attract notice and it needs no apology. It implies something more than a question of the origin and signification of the features of a great church. The history of the cathedrals is the history of the people. They are the embodiment of centuries of thought and aspiration, and their "secrets" were breathed into their stones by the nations who raised them. It would be absurd to set about "inventing" a new style of architecture: as absurd as for rebel artists to hope to arrive in a day at results comparable with those that are the product of not one but many ages. It is in the cathedrals that we read history as it should be read—the builder revealed in his building—the nation's memorials speaking in undying accents of the temper of their times. The internal splendour of the Ravennese Basilicas, the severity of the Norman-Romanesque, the achievements of the Comacine Guild are faithful expressions of the minds which created them. The unrest of Italy after the Lombard invasion is reflected nowhere so clearly as in its buildings. In the English "Abbeys of Expiation" may be seen the atonement of the Norman conquerors for the sufferings inflicted by them upon this country. The tale of two centuries of fire and devastation is told in the loss to France of her most glorious temples, until, in the words of Raoul Glauber, the Cluniac monk, France "started from her death sleep and put on her white robe of churches".

It is in this French renaissance that Romanesque displays its greatest variety of detail. The domes of Aquitaine, the polychrome masonry of Auvergne, the restraint of Cîteaux, and the Roman influence on the churches of Provence are among the most characteristic features of the architecture of the provinces. In L'Ile de France the old art was eclipsed by a new and more glorious school. With almost incredible swiftness Romanesque passed into Gothic. Mr. Bond has called the later style the "supreme result" of the former, "the last stage in its development, its apogee, consummation and accomplishment". The works of the great Gothic builders of France and England have a deep significance; there is a striking contrast between the conservative spirit of the English, with its "loving reverence for the result of all past human effort", and the genius that devised the soaring heights of the French cathedrals. The "splendid folly" of Eudes de Montreuil could not have been projected elsewhere than in France.

In the Dean's hands the wonderful story is unfolded with an accuracy and simplicity that calls for high praise. His more studied considerations of the "secrets" of Crypt, Cloister, Chapel and Triforium

will be warmly received by those who are impatient of the established handbooks of church architecture. But if there were nothing else to commend the book we should still be grateful to the author for recalling Mr. Edward Hutton's inspired suggestion as to the reappearance of the Triforium in Western cathedrals. It is only one of many beautiful passages in a book that reveals a quick spirit of love and reverence for the great monuments of the past.

NOVELS.

"Jean Gilles, Schoolboy." By André Lafon. Bell. 3s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

THIS book was awarded by the Académie Française the new prize of £400 offered for "un roman, ou toute autre œuvre d'imagination en prose, d'un caractère élevé". This Grand Prix de Littérature was instituted only in 1910, and M. André Lafon has the distinction of being the first prize-winner. It is not without significance that a work of this nature should have won recognition from a committee of contemporary litterateurs in probably the most critical country in the world. Slight, and slender—running to less than two hundred and fifty short pages—M. Lafon's work is in many ways quite unlike a modern novel. Essentially it is a study of the sensations and emotions, the mental growth of a modern child. Largely autobiographical, M. Lafon admits that Jean Gilles is himself plus imagination. It is, we should judge, a faithful record of accurate observation. The author has preserved the eyes of his childhood. He has remembered what most of us forget. We can only judge of his style in so far as his book has been rendered into excellent English in this volume by Lady Theodora Davidson. But that it is a fine, sensitive piece of work there can be no doubt. Its crowning by the Académie Française is a sign of the return to the simpler things of life which is so marked a tendency of better fiction. We are weary of problems and perplexities. The French especially, with their acute, subtle intelligences, their artistic self-consciousness, the perpetual weaving and unweaving of emotions, seem to be growing tired of artificiality. Here we have no fine writing for writing's sake, no descriptions of rare, precious or complex emotions, but a simple record of boyish experience. M. Lafon possesses a peculiar intimacy of understanding. He is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness. He keeps marvellously close to life. It was, we feel, just so with us in childhood, at school, in this sad or glad experience. The author understands perfectly those little arts of happiness which mean so much, and he realises, as so few realise, how large a part material objects play in children's lives. They actually become a part, inward and outward being interwoven through and through each other. The growth of a flower, the finding of an egg or a snail, the family cat, the smell of hot coffee and toast, the household duties of the servants—these are the things that count in the childish imagination. And he comprehends, as one who still shares it, the wistfulness of childhood, its sudden unexpected touches of pathos, no less than its outburst of mischief, its strange reticences, and still stranger outbursts of confidence.

Hardly a manly boy, this Jean Gilles, we should, perhaps, be inclined to say, judging from our English standpoint. Lacking certainly in that sturdy, sporting spirit, that exuberant sense of life which we so justly prize in our youth. But he is a true type which does exist here as elsewhere, a type of childhood slightly morbid, perhaps; certainly nervous and hyper-sensitive, intensely interesting, and of the stuff of which artists are made. Very alive too to the vague terrors of darkness, and looking to the cosy lamp-lit sitting-room as a citadel of peace in the heart of trouble. "The rest of the house seemed haunted and threatening. I should have liked to lock the door of the dining-room and those which led from the kitchen into the garden and

woodyard." He liked the blinds pulled down over the windows, as the reflection of the dancing flames in the glass panes filled him with "dread of seeing eyes pressed against them, gazing in at me". And he experiences to the full all that shrinking of the nervous child from things strange, untried, unfriendly. The book is pleasant to read, leaving a distinct flavour or aftertaste of graciousness. And, as befits its subject, the style is as a rule simple, straightforward and direct. Only occasionally do little mannerisms creep in, such as "The reluctant dusk faded unwillingly from the playground". "A soft obscurity reigned . . . and diminished one's resistance to the insidious invitation of Morpheus". But it is difficult to know whether M. Lafon or the translator is responsible for these excursions into preciosity.

"A Child Went Forth." By Yoi Pawlowska. Duckworth. 5s. net.

In modern fiction there is a pronounced cult of the child, and on the whole this may be taken as a healthy and hopeful sign. Such studies as are to be found in the first part of M. Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" and in Mr. Compton Mackenzie's still unfinished "Sinister Street" are enough to show how necessary it is to watch the boy if one would understand the man. Comparatively little has been done by novelists to prove the similar connection between girl and woman, though Miss Low's "Growing Pains" struck us awhile ago as a promising essay in this direction, and Mrs. Buckley ("Yoi Pawlowska") had, therefore, a fairly open field in which to work; but she has not chosen to carry her study even to years of adolescence. Anna, her little Hungarian, is left at the moment when she is being taken to school in England. Enough has been written to allow us shrewd guesses as to what in later years she would do in certain sets of circumstances; for, if she has as yet no character, she has already developed most of her temperamental qualities. Her precocious interest in the loves of others is significant; so, too, are her love of home and her sense of pity. Perhaps a tragic life is to come, but certainly not one of dull indifferentism.

The story, as far as it goes, is interesting, even valuable, and we may fairly rule out of consideration such exotic appeal as is made by its foreign scene and its merely picturesque elements. The point, however, to be considered is whether any great purpose can be served by a multiplication of child studies unless they are accompanied by their sequels in the lives of men and women. Although it is no longer held permissible to produce work which shall be merely pretty, we are given over to-day to a certain worship of simplicity. As well as the cult of the child, which may be an extremely elaborate thing, there is another cult which has, perhaps, found its fullest expression in such a tale as "Marie Claire". An isolated book of this kind may be acceptable, but its repetitions have been impudent. Have we not "Paul et Virginie" if we hanker after unblemished joys of innocence and all those natural refinements which Nature herself so rarely shows?

Evidently there is a return in popular taste for the kind of fare once provided by Bernardin de St. Pierre. Mrs. Buckley's book has its pages of pastoral simplicity as well as its moments of acute psychological revelation. In nature worship itself we see no danger, but there is reason to have fear of those who imagine the natural world as an outcome of their own philosophies. Mrs. Buckley is not, however, a creator of artificial landscapes. She admits to knowledge of a world other than the one she describes, and so escapes from that affectation which limits the horizon with a tree and a cottage. The child of her tale, too, is going into a wider life, and at the end our chief regret is that we can follow her no farther, for we have grown to know her remarkably well.

LATEST BOOKS.

"The Happy Goller." By Henry Leach. Macmillan. 6s. net.

Maugre all that has been sung in praise of golf the man who has never been at grips with it is still a cynic. He knows nothing of its mystery, less than nothing of its magic. Proclaim that it demands a high heart and an excellent manliness and he will not be touched. Tell him that putting is a Sixth Sense and he will openly deride you. For the sceptic Mr. Leach has no message. The initiate will find in his chapters a quaint conceit, a rare sympathy, an agreeable enquiry into the *waie verite* of the things of golf. First among its seven wonders he sets the mystery of its fascination: the spell that is more potent than any woven in Eleusis; that is not circumscribed by accidents of age, sex, nationality or temperament; that perverts respectable middle-aged gentlemen into fanatics; that excites the duffer to forego his enormities and lures on the scratch man to the heights of a plus. It is well called the world game. The Ameer of all the Afghans has his course at Kabul. At Tientsin they play it in a cemetery. There is golf at Constantinople, China, Fiji, the Malay Peninsula and at the Pyramids. Mr. Leach speaks out of a wide experience. He has heard the call of the links in many lands. He has sat at meat with champions and has a fine respect for the traditions of the Elders. We note that he reserves his best word for British courses and for the dignity of London golf in particular. Moreover, he is never dull. It is a happy book—happily conceived, happily written.

"Emily Brontë." By Patrick Brontë. Now in the National Portrait Gallery. 19 by 12 inches. 25s. P. H. Lee-Warner, Medici Society.

The Medici Society have reproduced in collotype (in their National Portrait Series) Patrick Branwell Brontë's sketch of Emily Brontë, which we gave a full account of a few months ago. The edition is limited to 300 copies. This print is like all the work of the Medici Society, faithful, exceedingly painstaking in every detail, truly "a work of art". No doubt the popular thing to have done would have been to "improve on" the original, to have touched it up, and got rid of the creases and damages. The Medici Society, however, have not done this, and we praise them for their honesty. They are above wretched "faked" work.

Everybody who is really interested in Emily Brontë, the author of the wonderful book "Wuthering Heights" and of poems which will live, ought to make an attempt to have a copy of this print. We recommend it unreservedly to readers and students of the Brontës. It is a thing of singular, literary interest.

"Imperial America." By J. M. Kennedy. Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Kennedy is well known as one of our ablest publicists. More than two-thirds of the present book is unexpectedly a history of the United States from the earliest colonial days to President Wilson. If it contains little that is not in the standard American writers, it is clear and concise, and easily establishes his thesis that the United States, judged by the test of ability to expand its territories, is one of the most successful Imperial States of modern times. He is very impatient with those politicians who proclaim that war is impossible between the States and England because of kinship; competition for markets or even for territory in South America may yet lead to strife. Mr. Kennedy accounts for the lack of American art and literature by suggesting that the real obstacle before the American artist is the land itself. "One has a feeling, not in an irreverent spirit, that God could reduce its chaos to order, but before a man could do so he would require an unusually intensified inspiration." Surely the real explanation of the lack of American art, however, is that the whole energies of the people have been given to subduing the country over which, as Mr. Kennedy points out, they have spread in less than a century. To have colonised half a continent is not a small thing, and the three generations who have spent their time in making roads and railways and building cities have had no leisure for writing books about it. That phase will pass, and then the American author will have to conquer the national love of the dollar in himself before he sits down to do good work. It is a pity that Frank Norris is not mentioned in the short list of typical American authors.

"Practical Town Planning." By J. S. Nettlefold. St. Catherine's Press. 2s. net.

The greatest enemies of cheap and good housing are the ignorance and greed of interested persons sitting on local authorities, and we agree entirely with Mr. Nettlefold that they so devise and interpret by-laws as to make building far too expensive. Yet the ratepayers put them there, so one of the remedies would seem to be appeal to the higher authority of the Local Government Board with ample dispensing power. Mr. Nettlefold will have nothing to do with Unionist land policy and occupying ownership. He appears to advocate penal rating and then

purchase by local authorities at depreciated values. He roundly asserts, entirely without proof, that "occupying ownership has in practice proved most disastrous in other countries for farmers and small holders". This kind of bias hardly helps his case, but if such "views" be disregarded and only the practical results of his experience and the experience of others he relates be considered, then this book is a useful help to town planners.

The new Standard Edition of *George Meredith's Works* (Constable, 6s. net each) starts with "The Shaving of Shagpat" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel". It is a simple and sound bit of work without false ornament. The great thing in a reprint should be the type, and here we have type of the clearest.

TRAVEL BOOKS.

Despite the French conquest, some parts of Madagascar remain practically unknown to European travellers. The west coast in particular, which Mr. Walter D. Marcuse has described in "Through Western Madagascar" (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d. net), has proved unattractive, nor does one wonder after reading his very lively chapters. The west coast of the island seems to harbour more than the average number of tropical pests, which dig and burrow in the earth and, if opportunity presents itself, in the traveller's skin; its bill of health is by no means clean, and its few European inhabitants anything but attractive. The industry of the country consists mainly in the cultivation of butter beans, for which the demand is increasing, but although the business pays there is hardly likely to be a rush of eager settlers after Mr. Marcuse's account. The book is well written and illustrated.

More attractive as a subject is Mr. Howard Palmer's "Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirk" (Putnam, 21s. net). The Selkirk region of the Canadian Alps appears to be one of the most beautiful regions of the world, to judge by the author's enthusiasm and the exceptionally fine photographs he has taken and scattered through this book. But the country is still scarcely known, and of the thirty-five heights which Mr. Palmer ascended in five years' exploration, fifteen had never before been climbed. The highest summit of the chain, which has been named Mount Sir Sandford, and reaches close on twelve thousand feet, lay in a virgin territory of "lofty peaks, gloomy canyons, and spraying waterfalls—types of everything that is noblest in mountain scenery". The chart of the country which accompanies this volume will be necessary to the map-makers in their next editions, for it sets out for the first time some three hundred square miles of the Northern Selkirk, but beyond that the book itself deserves the attention of every Alpinist.

There are no such novelties in "The Two Americas", by Mr. Raphael Reys (T. Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net). Mr. Reys's mission is to describe the excellencies and opportunities of South America, one of the several new countries which have claimed the twentieth century. His task is not a very difficult one, but we are not particularly interested in the autobiographical details of his semi-political travels.

A more excellent piece of work in every way is Mr. Ernest Henry Wilson's "A Naturalist in Western China" (Methuen, 2 vols., 30s. net). The able chapters on natural history deserve discussion at far greater length than the limits of this brief notice permit, but even to the reader who is not a naturalist—and on whom, therefore, the chief appeal of these two volumes is lost—the human interest of these travels, the many curious side-lights they throw on Eastern Asiatic life and character, renders the book a fascinating one. Mr. Wilson is a truer interpreter of the Chinese than many travellers, and for this reason: that he takes them as they are, never attempts to heighten the picture to suit preconceived notions or the presumed taste of his readers for strange and curious types of humanity, but simply presents a page of truth.

Messrs. G. W. Bacon & Co. have published a large scale map of Australia, 39.5 miles to the inch, and altogether 72 by 56 inches. The map may be had either mounted on a roller and varnished for wall use, or divided into four sheets, which fit into a case: the price is £15s., either on roller or in case. The map, which includes insets of Tasmania and Papua, is admirably clear, plain black type being used for place names, coastal features, mountain ranges, etc.; main roads, tracks, and telegraphs are in red; the goldfields are indicated in Westralia, and the highly-important artesian boreholes of Queensland, the key of the underground water system which is beginning to play a great part in the development of what were once thought the rainless zones of the continent. The map is not merely up-to-date—it includes the limits of the still unbuild Commonwealth capital of Canberra—but even in a sense ahead of the day, for it shows the approximate route of the proposed Transcontinental Railway which, when built, will join East and West Australia. The map is one of the best we have seen, and is unusually handy and convenient for reference when its large scale is considered.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

Catalogue of the Modern French Art Exhibition at Grosvenor House. 21s. net.

FICTION.

Footprints Beneath the Snow (Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Mary Seymour Houghton); The Youngest World (Robert Dunn); Angel Island (Inez Haynes Gillmore); Bridget Considine (Mary Crosbie). 6s. each; Jean Gilles, Schoolboy (André Lafon. Translated by Lady Theodora Davidson). 3s. 6d. net. Bell.

Patience Tabernacle (Sophie Cole). Mills and Boon. 6s.

HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

History of Gravesend and Its Surroundings. From Prehistoric Times to the Opening of the Twentieth Century (Alex J. Philip). Vol. I. Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

Imperial America (J. M. Kennedy). Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

The Secrets of a Great Cathedral (The Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence-Jones). Dent. 2s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

Mixed and Rough Shooting (Frank Bonnett). Upcott Gill. 6s. net. Trout in Lakes and Reservoirs (Ernest Phillips). Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām. A Variorum Edition of Edward FitzGerald's Renderings into English Verse (Edited by Frederick H. Evans). Published by the Editor at 32 Rosemont Road, Acton, W. 10s. 6d. net.

By the Western Sea (James Baker). Chapman and Hall. 2s. net.

Poems of William Cullen Bryant. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

A First Book of Chemistry (W. A. Whitton). 1s. 6d.; The Pupils' Class-Book of Geography.—The British Isles (Ed. J. S. Lay). 6d. Macmillan.

Olim: Ludi Saenice (E. Ryle). Bell. 1s.

THEOLOGY.

The Catholic Library.—The Question of Miracles (Rev. G. H. Joyce). Herder. 1s. net.

TRAVEL.

My Spanish Year (Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw). Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

The Tragedy of Etarre: A Poem (Rhys Carpenter). 5s. net; Robin Hood and His Merry Men: A Play in Two Acts. (Elizabeth F. Matheson). 6d. net. Oxford University Press.

Eve Repentant and Other Poems (Augustus H. Cook). Bell. 2s. 6d. net.

Four Irish Plays (St. John G. Ervine). Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.

An Elegy Written in Westminster Abbey and other Poems (William Shepperley). Jones and Evans. 1s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Causes and Cure of Armaments and War, The (Albert W. Alderson). 1s. net; Some Recent Developments of Poor Relief (W. A. Safford). 6d. net; The House of Lords and Women's Suffrage (The Earl of Lytton). 3d. King.

Chats on Household Curios (Fred W. Burgess). Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

Coptic Martyrdoms, etc., in the Dialect of Upper Egypt (Edited, with English Translations by E. A. Wallis Budge). 17s. 6d. net; Wall Decorations of Egyptian Tombs. 5s. net. British Museum.

Crab Apples: Hungarian Society Sketches (Olga Darday). Max Goschen. 5s. net.

Guests of Saint Munro, or Days in Old Glasgow (Hugh Lawrence). Blackie. 2s. 6d.

History of the National Rifle Association during Its First Fifty Years, 1859 to 1909 (A. P. Humphry, M.V.O., and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, V.D.). Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes. 5s. net.

Home University Library, The.—The Alps (Arnold Lunn); Central and South America (Prof. W. R. Shepherd); The Renaissance (Edith Sicel); Religious Development Between the Old and the New Testaments (Canon R. H. Charles); Elizabethan Literature (J. M. Robertson, M.P.). Williams and Norgate. 1s. net each.

Me as a Model (W. R. Titterton). Palmer. 5s. net.

Miscellany, A: Presented to John Macdonald Mackay, LL.D., July, 1914. 10s. 6d. net; A New University (J. M. Mackay). 6d. net. Liverpool: at the University Press.

Nosegay of Everlastings, A: From Katherine Tingley's "Garden of Helpful Thoughts." Published by the Students of the Raja Yoga College, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

Open Letter, An, to Sir Edward Carson. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.

Public Library Reform (Robert W. Parsons). Stanley Paul. 6d. net.

Scottish Land—Urban and Rural: The Report of the Scottish Land Enquiry Committee. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.

Why Early Death? (M. C. Sykes). The St. Catherine Press. 6d. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR JULY.—Revue des Deux Mondes, 3 fr.; Mercure de France, 1 fr. 50; The Army Review, 1s.; The Scottish Historical Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Hindustan Review, 10 annas; The English Church Review, 6d. net; The Empire Review, 1s. net; The Book Monthly, 6d.; The Geographical Journal, 2s.; The Undergraduate, 6d. net; Wild Life, 2s. 6d. net; United Empire, 1s. net.

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When the various influences which necessarily restrict the expansion of business are taken into consideration, it will at once be realised that the Stock Exchange is at last shaping toward something in the nature of speculative and investment activity. It may be assumed that not a single purchaser of a hundred shares operates without realising the possible effect of the Government's legislation upon the Ulster and finance questions.

In the ordinary course, the plethora of new loan creations and the approach of the vacation month would be influences quite sufficient to reduce speculative commitments to a minimum.

The two factors which are in opposition to Stock Market inactivity—cheap money, and cheap stock—are of too pronounced a character not to be appreciated by the big investment institutions, if not by the investing public; and there are indications inside the House that these improved conditions will be maintained.

The contraction in the figures of the Board of Trade returns for June is not of a pronounced character. The total imports were only £37,000 below the figures of June, 1913, while exports were reduced to the extent of £2,963,000. These reductions in themselves are not promising; but the point, as far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, is that any contraction in trade usually favourably reflects upon investment and speculative business in the City, and underwriters of new issues are looking forward to the time when the public will be disposed to relieve them of something more than 10 to 20 per cent., which has not been the case for several months past.

If money remains cheap during the current month—and there is every probability of it doing so, since during the past month gold imports amounted to £6,024,000, as compared with £3,948,000, while exports only amounted to £1,904,000, against £4,023,000—there is every possibility of the superfluous cash finding its way into Stock Market channels, particularly to new good-class issues which are offered at an attractive figure.

One of the most important new issues of the week was the White Star Line debentures for the amount of £1,500,000 in 4½ per cent. First Mortgage, the stock being offered at £95 per cent. The average net earnings of the company cover more than six times the interest on the debentures just offered, together with the interest on outstanding debentures, so that the new issue may be regarded as an attractive investment. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway made an important issue of £1,000,000 5 per cent. Debenture stock on Thursday. The stock, which was offered at £97½ per cent., ranks *pari passu* with the existing issue of £3,000,000, and will be redeemable at the option of the company at any time after June 30, 1950, at 110 per cent.

Government securities will not be "made up" until early in August, but judging by the extensive appreciation of other securities compared with the previous "making-up" level, Consols and kindred stocks will have a substantial advance on record. A recrudescence of anxiety concerning the Irish outlook was responsible for a set-back in Consols at one time; but the success of the South Indian Railway loan—the stock being

quoted at ½ premium—considerably helped other gilt-edged securities.

The most prominent dealers in the Home Railway market appear to have altogether dropped the idea of the development of labour troubles, and the market, which is decidedly short of stock in many cases, has readily responded to the sharp investment purchases recorded during the past few days. North-Western has risen 1½ since Saturday last, and a good feature has been the purchasing of Underground lines, which are mostly a point higher.

The public who are still venturing to secure a profit from operations in the American market appear to run a very good risk of losing their money. Small profits are being made by professionals who are a "bull" of stock at one moment and operating on the "bear" tack immediately after; but now that the legislative influence concerning freight rates is out of the field, the market is simply being swayed by Wall Street professional manipulations. Canadian Pacifics have fluctuated a good deal, and were down to 198 on Tuesday, since when a recovery has been made to last Saturday's level following upon the receipt of good crop reports. Although nothing of a definite character is known in the House concerning further financial difficulties in the Grand Trunk Railway market, there are various rumours afloat of an unpleasant nature, and stocks have offered freely at times, the Ordinary stock having fallen to 16 and the Third Preference to 36½.

Mexican Railway issues have held fairly steady in the absence of support, but the feature of the Foreign Railway market was the sharp collapse of Buenos Ayres Pacifics to 64½ on the appearance of a prospectus for £1,000,000 of new Debenture stock, and Brazil Railway stock fell to 23½ in sympathy.

Despite rumours to the contrary, Paris is still experiencing some difficulty with arrangements for the new Brazilian loan, and the Foreign Bond market has naturally been unpleasantly disturbed in consequence. Brazilian 1910 have dropped to 69, the Rescission Bonds to 72½, and the 1913 issue to 83.

The principal Rand shares are a fraction above the level of last week, jobbers always being on the qui vive to replenish their stock as soon as the slightest demand makes its appearance; but the native labour figures for June, showing a decrease of 501, had the effect of retiring prices from the best level of the week, and Chartered are quoted at 17s. 6d.

The feature of the Industrial market was the heavy sales of Marconi shares in anticipation of an unsatisfactory dividend announcement, the Ordinary having fallen to 2½ and the Canadian issue weakened to 5s. 9d. National Steam Car shares were in good demand and advanced to 12s. after the official statement was made denying the rumoured intention of the directors to increase the capital. British Electric Traction Preferred and Deferred shares have both risen two points since last week on the reorganisation scheme.

Banking shares have been quiet, the batch of dividend announcements, which compare with a similar rate last year, having been as anticipated. The London County and Westminster declare an interim payment of 10½ per cent.; the National Provincial Bank of England an interim at the rate of 18 per cent. per annum; and the London Provincial an interim at the rate of 19 per cent. per annum.

Rubber shares continue to be out of favour, and the report of the Malacca Rubber Plantation Co. for 1913 is hardly likely to restore public confidence in the market. The company's plantation is apparently in good condition, but the output of 3,008,475 lb. only realised an average of 2s. 4½d. per lb., against 4s. 6½d. per lb. in 1912, and profits have diminished to the extent of £181,780 in consequence.

In the Oil market Baku are flat at 4s. on the telegram announcing the cessation of operations owing to the strike, but Mexican Petroleums have been in good demand.

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INVESTIGATION reports vary immensely in the interest they arouse. Those compiled by Mr. Richard Teece, the actuary of the Australian Mutual Provident Society, have always won admiration, and might be accepted as models. Although not unduly long, they give prominence to all facts that are of real importance, are thoroughly informative, well arranged, and can be understood by the average reader. Having studied one of Mr. Teece's reports, one knows exactly what the "A.M.P." Society has done in the past, what it is, and what it is not; and there is seldom necessity to consult any other document for enlightenment. Occasionally, of course, some point of difficulty will arise, and it may be desirable to refer either to the directors' report or the general prospectus, but such cases are extremely rare, and it is probable that few actuaries have ever taken the trouble to examine the elaborate valuation schedules and returns which are periodically appended to the document usually sent out. There is certainly no occasion for anybody to do so, as the Society has nothing whatever to conceal; indeed, the more its figures are tested the greater will be its prosperity, because everything is sound and as it should be.

We have not space to follow Mr. Teece throughout the whole of his careful analysis, and can only briefly refer to some of the main facts to which he calls attention. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the remarkable stability of the business in the ordinary departments. The Society was established in 1849, and up to 31 December 1913 it had issued 521,699 policies for original sums amounting to £150,515,692, also annuities for £145,969 per annum; the relative annual premiums had totalled £5,140,193. Of this business considerably more than one-half was in force at the end of last year, as the customary return showed, after deduction of re-assurances:—Policies, 288,337; sum assured, £80,660,970; annuity per annum, £79,987; and annual premiums, £2,571,523. In other words, 55·3 per cent. of the number of policies, 53 per cent. of the sums assured, and 50·2 per cent. of the annual premium income still existed. These percentages are notable in view of the age of the business and the known tendency of New World policyholders to surrender or lapse their contracts. Last year no fewer than 10,409 "A.M.P." policies became void from various causes, and of these cancellations 1,881 were due to death, 2,245 to maturity, 3,706 to surrenders, and 2,577 to forfeiture, although non-forfeiture regulations were introduced in 1873 and every effort is made to prevent policies being dropped.

In this respect the society has undoubtedly been most successful, as in the last forty years 754,553 policies had been sustained out of surrender value, and of that number 665,287 had been reinstated, 13,508 surrendered, 4,802 cancelled by death, and 3,054 by survival, leaving only 42,047 forfeited, and 25,855 overdue and in force on 31 December last.

Although the stability of the society's connections has clearly to some extent been due to these regulations, which have enabled many members to tide over periods of temporary embarrassment, it is manifest that the main cause of prosperity has been the quality of the lives accepted for life assurance. In all countries where business is transacted—Queensland, Western Australia, South Australia, and Tasmania included—the average sum assured is considerable, and the average duration of the policies can be judged from one fact: on 31 December the bonus additions amounted to £16,104,710, and represented nearly 20 per cent. on the original assurances.

At this point it may be as well to mention that the "A.M.P." Society has already distributed £18,765,954 in cash bonuses. This sum represented 36·2 per cent. on the total life premiums received, including those from non-participating assurances, which, owing to the exceptional importance of the bonus allotments, have never been transacted on a large scale, and can almost

be disregarded. Their exclusion would, however, increase the percentage of bonuses to premiums to over 37 per cent., and it is doubtful whether any other life office has made such a return to its participating policyholders.

What the ordinary department has accomplished as a whole is shown by Mr. Teece in an interesting table of receipts and disbursements throughout the sixty-five years it has existed. On the one side premiums, consideration for annuities, etc., had produced £53,332,780, and interest £25,709,237, giving a total of £79,042,017. Of that amount £39,499,722 had been paid to members or their representatives, £7,266,853 had been absorbed by commission, expenses of management, etc., and £1,101,975 had gone in other ways, the difference of £31,173,467 being the amount of the funds held on 31 December last.

An examination of several successive reports goes far to explain why the bonuses of this office are again steadily expanding. Owing to the policy adopted in regard to the investments, the effective rate of interest earned had gradually risen from under 4½ per cent. to £4 13s. 8d. per cent.; while, on the other hand, the expenses of management had been slightly reduced, and represented only 13·51 per cent. on the 1913 premium income, although the new business obtained was considerably larger than in any previous year. Another point is worth noting. In recent years the valuation has been materially strengthened; and the bonuses for 1913, although equal to 39·1 per cent. on the participating premiums received during the year, by no means represented the percentage that might have been declared. Comparison with the report for 1912 shows that the reserve for contingencies was increased by £30,000 to £185,000, while Mr. Teece mentions that, in continuation of the policy adopted some years ago, about £105,000 was added to the reserves made for certain policies. The bulk of the business has now been placed on a 3 per cent. valuation basis, and a few years hence the whole of the surplus will probably be available for distribution among the members.

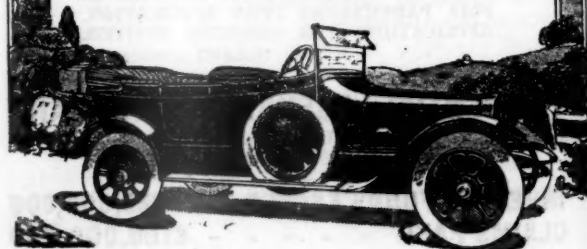
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